

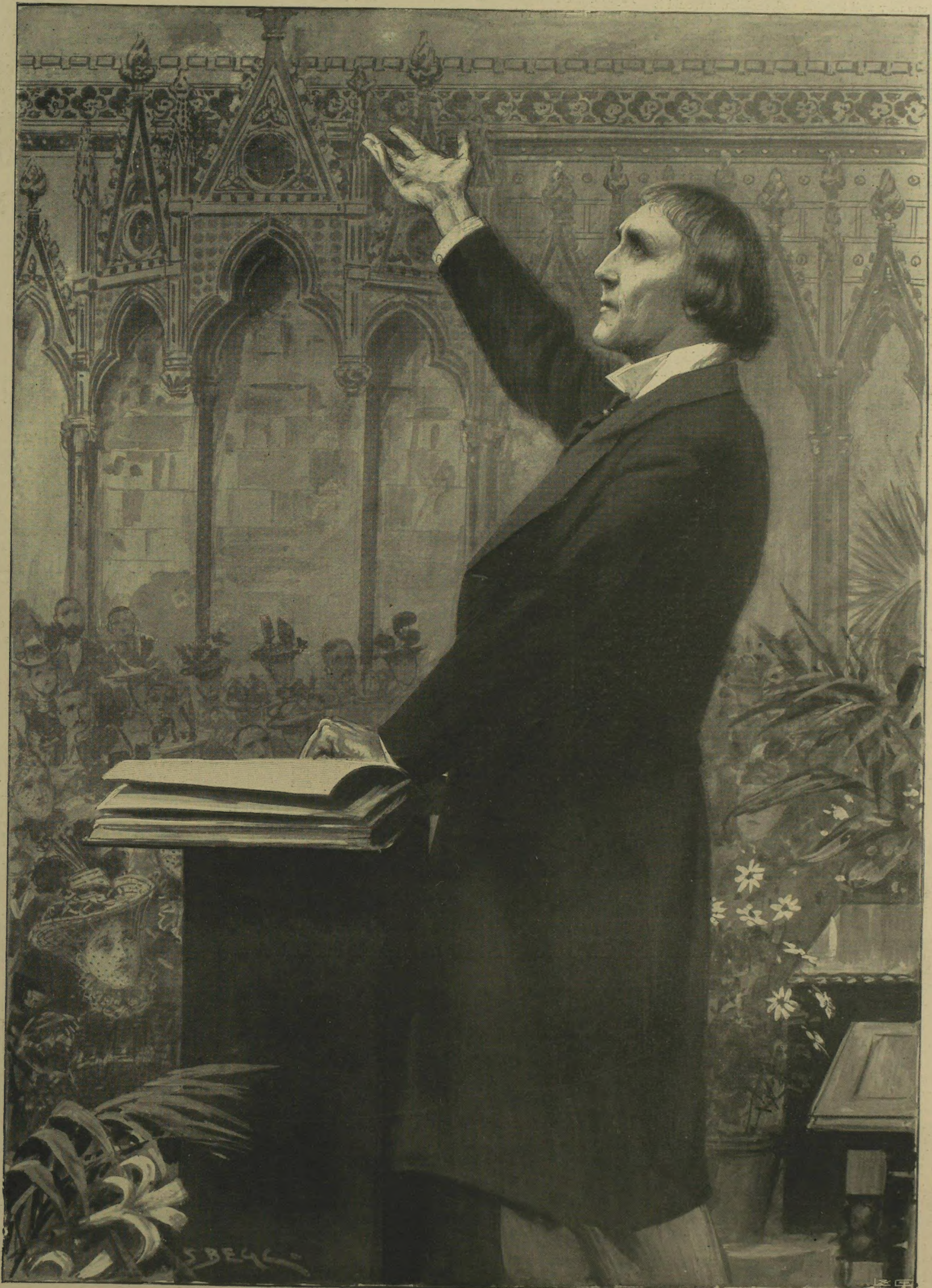
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SIR HENRY IRVING READING TENNYSON'S "BECKET" IN THE RESTORED CHAPTER HOUSE, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

BECKET: *Into Thy hands, O Lord!*

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is curious to notice how the Jubilee procession is ousting other subjects of conversation, even among persons one would have expected to be little interested in such matters. As for people in general, it has become a rival to the weather itself, with which, indeed, it is closely connected, for if the day is wet all is over with it: the putting up of an umbrella would be the signal for disaster. All good people, however, are praying for "Queen's weather." If the rain would injure the spectacle, how much more would it damp the illuminations! I confess I am looking forward to them, or, rather, to the thousands that will insist on witnessing them and ought not to do so—the women and children and weaklings—with great trepidation. When one remembers the Moscow holocaust, under circumstances much less dangerous, one may well tremble and exclaim, "Would it were supper-time, and all were well!" At the Champ de Mars, in Paris, in 1837, the crush to see the illuminations was so great that twenty-three persons lost their lives in it: all of them died from the pressure standing up, and "were borne about after death," we are told, "hither and thither by the crowd."

Unfortunately the persons who have least knowledge of the danger of such gatherings are the most anxious to risk it. The London "rough" delights in them, and is a potent factor for mischief. "What is the good of being in a crowd," asks someone in one of Poole's plays, "if one mayn't push?" On the occasion of the illuminations for Lord Howe's "Glorious First of June" victory, huge mobs paraded the streets in the small hours, breaking the windows of those who had shown their patriotism by lighting up, but had afterwards retired to rest. These scenes continued night after night, till the Lord Mayor had to express a hope that the public "will be satisfied with their exhibition of general joy, since a public display of it will tend to disturb the peace of the Metropolis." The horrors of the cry "Light up!" made one poor but loyal citizen watch his little rushlights till a late hour. When he did venture to put them out (says the *Times* of that date) he prudently posted up on his door the following notice: "Two o'clock—gone to bed. If I am to light up again be so obliging as to ring the bell." Mr. Wilkes's windows suffered considerably, but he refused to prosecute the rioters, observing good-naturedly, "They are only some of my pupils now set up for themselves." He was certainly a pleasant scoundrel.

When all is happily over I trust it will be commemorated by some bard who knows his business, like Mr. Barney Maguire. Some of his verses, though designed for the Coronation, may be found adaptable for the Jubilee. The ladies will have to get up at least as early, and be attired with equal magnificence—

Their pillows scorning, that self-same morning
Themselves adorning all by the candlelight,
With roses and lilies, and daffy-down-dillies,
And gould, and jewels, and rich di'monds bright.

Then the guns' alarms, and the King of Arums,
All in his Garters and his Clarence shoes,
Opening the massy doors to the bould Ambassadors,
The Prince of Potboys, and great haythen Jews.

Then the noble Prussians, likewise the Russians,
In fine lace jackets with their goulden cuffs,
And the Bavarians, and the proud Hungarians,
And Everythingarians all in furs and muffs.

Then the cannons thunder'd, and the people wonder'd,
Crying, "God save Victoria, our Royal Queen!"

We may certainly say with this Hibernian bard—

Och! if myself should live to be a hundred,
Sure it's the proudest day that I'll have seen!

Mr. Crockett has, it appears, aroused the wrath of the commercial travellers of Scotland by making one of them a bad character in a novel. He also calls him a bagman. But he is not even a now-a-days bagman: he lived in the days when such a name had no contemptuous significance, and before the professors of that calling were called "commercial gents." It is a pity that "the great heart of Scotland" should be so easily moved to indignation. I know of no body of men more capable of taking care of themselves, and one would suppose more indifferent to imaginary slights, than commercial travellers. At inns, of which they are the most constant visitors, they are better treated than any other class of guests. "The best of everything is good enough for them," but they must have it. Their calling is allowed to be most respectable. "To travel for So-and-So" seems to me a very dignified proceeding, and infinitely more agreeable (as well as cheaper) than travelling on one's own account. Trollope (in "Orley Farm") describes their life as of the kind which Calverley calls "most goluptions." Dickens paints it in the most genial colours. Who does not remember Tom Smart? How ridiculous it is that the profession should be up in arms because a portrait of a single black sheep has been taken out of their sleek and prosperous fraternity!—

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one black sheep is there.

On the other hand, the public has a real grievance against commercial travellers, since none of them, so far as I know, in spite of their unusual opportunities of observing

places and people, have ever given us the result of their experience. We have had that of "The Uncommercial Traveller"—and very good it was—but never of the real one.

We have lately had a detailed description, from one who received the honour of knighthood, of the ceremony of kissing hands. It strikes one as rather an imprudence, but the narrator doubtless feels he has no chance of higher preferment; he will never have that opportunity of refusing a baronetcy which was on one occasion thus pathetically declined, "A knighthood if it must be, my Lord" (to the Prime Minister), "but spare my innocent children." It was certainly indiscreet of him to reveal these mysteries of Court ceremony to the vulgar; but he was not the first to do it. Dr. Leifchild was one of the twelve ministers of the three denominations—Presbyterian, Baptist, and Independent—who went to Carlton House to congratulate the Prince Regent on becoming George IV. Dissenters were little thought of in those days, and the deputation did not feel at all at their ease in the Pall Mall Zion. "We were a motley group, of various dimensions, dress, and appearances. We advanced in a confused manner through a long room, with noblemen-in-waiting on each side, like statues, to the King, who was seated on a low throne at the further end. He was lusty, pappy, and pale, in a kind of uniform, and with a cocked hat, which on our approach he took off with inimitable gracefulness." For all that, he could not help smiling at the embarrassment displayed by the deputation. He promised them "a continuance of all the privileges they had enjoyed under the late auspicious reign"; "whereat," says the narrator (evidently shocked at the possibility of such an occurrence), "we had almost audibly said, 'Hear, hear.'" They had waived the privilege of all kissing hands, they told the King, on account of the fatigue it would occasion him, and a fortunate half-dozen had been selected for this ceremony; but he replied, "You may all kiss hands." Upon this "we all fell in a most humiliating posture on our knees, from which some of the larger among us had great difficulty in rising, and we retired backwards in some confusion, not being accustomed to such a movement." One of these good folks, however, Dr. Waugh, probably enjoyed it, for he was a humourist. As they waited in an adjoining room a small deputation of Quakers arrived. Some pages came to take their hats off. "Persecution, brother," whispered Waugh to the foremost Quaker. "Not so bad," said the other, pointing to a portrait of Charles I., "to take off the hat as the head." Upon the whole, notwithstanding their little fiascos, Dr. Leifchild and his friends seem to have been well pleased with their reception, for he naively remarks, "I believe we were all remarkably loyal in our prayers the next Sunday."

A rector has been telling his parishioners that though a curate's stipend is small, he has more "perks" than a cook. But he must not be a "plain" one. He must be good looking and unmarried. Then he receives numerous doles, varying from £80 to £100, given in various ways, but "generally in the form of a cheque between the leaves of a gift-book." The rector modestly confessed that this had been his own agreeable experience, and stated that he knew two curates who got £80 a year or so in this way till one of them married, when he got nothing, and the other's "perks" rose to £160. In the present state of depreciation in Church livings, it must often be better to be a curate, handsome and unmarried, than a rector with a large family, as Sydney Smith describes them, "smelling of catechism and bread-and-butter"—and probably salt butter.

The Glasgow excursionists who were denied access to the pier at Dunoon the other Sunday are asking the reason; also why they should have been allowed on the same day on the one at Rothesay. Perhaps the latter pier was a "new creation," and built on more liberal lines. But the objection in the former case certainly arises from "a creed outworn." A quarter of a century ago it was held at some English watering-places that though to walk on the esplanade on a Sunday was permissible, to do so on the pier was impious. The question Why? was put very strongly by some members of the committee at Pebbleton, but the veto was defended, and carried upon the ground that the pier-keeper, one Jones (who was, however, to receive no additional salary for his extra day's duty), objected to the suggestion upon religious grounds. He was greatly praised for his high principles, and even received a testimonial from his admirers. The same contention arose at Shrimpton, a marine resort some thirty miles away, but not with the same result. The "ayes had it," though after a great deal of opposition, from their ingenious proposal that a Jew, whose feelings would not, of course, be lacerated, should act as pier-keeper on the Sunday. A few weeks afterwards one of the Pebbleton committee, who had been on the wicked side, went over to Shrimpton on the Sabbath to get a blow on the pier. And he got one; for, in spite of a flowing beard and an Hebrew appearance, he recognised—as one detects Mosaic jewellery—in the man who took his twopence his old acquaintance Mr. Jones, who, having a spare seventh day on his hands, felt he ought to spend it profitably. The effect of his (temporary) conversion on the Pebbleton community was so considerable that they, too,

opened their pier on Sundays, and shared the Shrimpton twopences, which they had secretly grudged it very much.

A new ground for granting a new trial has been discovered in the United States—incompetency of counsel. The idea of this principle being imported into England is enough to turn some men's wigs white. There have been one or two examples of deficiency in intelligence in members of the Bar, though no one has dreamt of inflicting a penalty of this kind. Curly, Q.C., was so exceedingly obstinate that he would persist in arguing when everybody in court was clearly against him. Boswell said, "His head is like a money-box with a slit at the top of it. If one thing has got into it, you cannot get it again without breaking the box." Mr. Croake James tells us that a young counsel unfamiliar with the contractions—such as "common" for "commission"—usual in legal documents, received a brief with instructions to move for a common to examine witnesses. He stated them in those terms. "Are your witnesses numerous?" inquired the Chief Justice. "They are, my Lord." "Then take Salisbury Plain." Another fledgling of the Bar once moved the Court of Queen's Bench for two *Mandami*.

The placing persons in situations nature has not intended them to fill has always been a favourite device with novelists. People are so often in square holes when they ought to be in round ones, and vice versa, that there are plenty of examples to draw from, and only a little touch of exaggeration is necessary to produce the fiction. The proof of the performance lies in the execution. Mr. Hornung has already exhibited his skill in this direction in his "Bride from the Bush." That charming young woman, if I remember right, "coo-ee'd" to her friends in the Row when she wished to draw their attention, and flicked the hat of a British Judge off (or was it a Bishop?) with a stock-whip. "My Lord Duke" (who gives the name to Mr. Hornung's last book), also from Australia, does many things that astonish English society, but is no less genuine a gentleman at heart than was "the Bride" a lady. He was but a bushman—not even a squatter, but only a squatter's assistant—when he was discovered to be an English Duke, which, notwithstanding how much human nature has everywhere in common, was certainly a considerable social change. Claude Lafont, the heir-presumptive to the dukedom, has himself discovered "Jack" (as his Grace calls himself), and is so far the cause of his own undoing; and having eased his conscience, feels a desire, as often happens in such cases, to go through with the thing. He takes the new Duke in hand with the object of fitting him for his new position, but finds it a much tougher job than he expected. The very first morning in London "Jack" escapes from his hotel for an early morning gallop, and takes it down Regent Street, which causes him to be "run in" by the police. He presents himself the same afternoon at Lady Caroline Sellwood's "At Home" in by no means the "faultless attire" with which Dukes are generally endowed by novelists. His Crimean shirt has a flannel collar, but no tie, and his old wideawake is tucked under his arm instead of a crush hat. Her Ladyship, who has a reason (her daughter) for propitiating him, informs everybody with affected enthusiasm that "he has come straight from the Bush (as though it were some shrub in the Square garden), and just as he is." He explains that he has been "in choky," just for galloping down a street, he does not know which, but it had a round clearing at one end, and another at the far end. "A dear fellow, is he not?" says her Ladyship. "So natural! Such an example in that way to us all!" Then her voice sank and trembled. "Take him away, Claude!" she gasped below her breath. "Take him away!"

Claude takes him away to his Grace's own country house, Maske Towers, and there conducts his education. An undesigned consequence of this is his falling in love with Olivia Sellwood, the daughter of the Home Secretary—a very romantic "passage," of which no one can say that it "leads to nothing." His gifts to this young lady on her first arrival as a visitor are rather too demonstrative—

"Look here. What do you think of this?"

And he took from a vase on the dressing-table an enormous white bouquet that opened Claude's eyes wider than before.

"This is for her; I wanted to consult you about it," pursued Jack. "Should I leave it here for her, or should I take it down to the station and present it to her there? Or at dinner to-night? I want to know just what you think."

"No, not at dinner," replied Claude, "nor yet at the station."

"Not at all, you mean. I see it in your face!" cried the Duke, so that Claude could not answer him. "But why not?" he added vehemently. "Where does the harm come in? It's only a blooming nosegay. What's wrong with it?"

"Nothing," was the reply; "only it might embarrass Olivia."

"Make her uncomfortable?"

"Well, yes, it would be rather marked, you know. A bouquet like that is only fit for a bride."

For many persons, no doubt, the interest of the story will culminate in the discovery of "the rightful heir," but for my part genealogical matters depress me, and I have not much curiosity about people's grandfathers. Life at "The Towers" has incidents exciting and amusing enough, quite independent of its conclusion.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

Rainy weather, unluckily, on Wednesday morning, May 26, the day appointed for the customary official celebrations in London of the birthday of our gracious Queen, rather spoilt for out-of-door spectators on the Horse Guards Parade the enjoyment of a military spectacle usually attractive to thousands of her people. The Prince of Wales, in the uniform of the Grenadier Guards, worn also by the Duke of Cambridge, as their Colonel, with the Duke of Connaught in that of the Scots Guards, the Duke of York, as Colonel of the 3rd West Yorkshire Regiment, and Prince Christian, endured like royal soldiers the continued wetting. As for Field-Marshal Commander-in-Chief Lord Wolseley, with his Staff, including Generals Sir Redvers Buller, Sir Evelyn Wood, Sir Francis Grenfell, the Earl of Erroll, and others, they performed the inspection of the troops as though sunshine had made it a delightful scene. At the windows of the Horse Guards Levée Room were the ladies of the royal family, the Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princess Victoria and by Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, the Duchess of Connaught, with her children, the Duchess of Albany, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, and Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein. Some officers of the Indian Imperial Service, in their uniforms, were collected beneath the archway. The cavalcade of the Princes and of the Headquarters Staff was received by Major-General Lord Methuen, commanding the Home Military District, with his own Staff, and was conducted to the spot where select companies of the Guards' regiments were to perform the Royal Salute. These companies, representing the 1st and 2nd Grenadier Battalions, the 1st Coldstreams, and the 2nd Scots Guards, with a squadron of the Life Guards, were commanded by Colonel Inigo Jones. The whole line of troops was then inspected by Lord Wolseley and the Princes, while the regimental bands played two German marches. The ceremony of trooping the colour for the Guards' Brigade was duly executed, Lieutenant Gosling, as junior officer, carrying the flag, with an escort of the 2nd Scots Guards, under command of Major Stacey.

THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

The eighteenth annual exhibition at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, of the military and athletic exercises of men belonging to the Army and Navy, Militia, Yeomanry Cavalry, and Volunteer forces was opened in the middle of last week, under the management of the executive committee, of which Major-General Lord Methuen, commanding the Home District, is chairman, Colonel MacKinnon vice-chairman, with some distinguished Army officers in various branches of the service, and with Colonel E. W. Ward, Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General, acting as secretary, giving a preponderance to the regular Army not heretofore existing. Our Illustrations are, however, sketches of some incidental features in which, beyond a few historical examples of the uniforms and equipments of former times—from 1704, the date of the Battle of Blenheim, to the Egyptian campaign of 1802, including types of the cavalry at Waterloo and of some troops engaged in the Crimean War—the regular military establishment does not figure. More amusing, perhaps, in a popular spectacle is the appearance of Turkish "Zaptiehs," or military police, very well-behaved men under the British administration of Cyprus, performing feats with the lance on horseback; of Dyaks from British Borneo, and of those excellent Colonial Volunteers, the New South Wales Mounted Rifles.

ROYAL MARRIAGE AT MUNICH.

The marriage of Prince Ferdinand of Bourbon, Duke of Calabria, eldest son of the Count of Caserta, to Princess Marie, second daughter of the Prince Royal of Bavaria and of his wife, the Archduchess Maria Teresa of Estemodena, was celebrated on Monday at Munich. The Archbishop of that city performed the ceremony, which was shorn of some of its pomps and the arranged festivities in consequence of the death of the Duchesse d'Alençon at the Paris bazaar. The Archduke Ranier, the Count and Countess of Caserta, with all their children, the Countess of Trapani, the Countess of Girgenti, and all the family of the Prince Regent of Bavaria, were present at the ceremony; but the Court ball and the gala representation at the theatre were countermanded. The bride has a special interest for the Legitimist League in England, for her mother is the head representative of the elder branch of the Stuarts, set aside from the crown of England by the Act of Succession.

PRINCE OF WALES AT GUY'S HOSPITAL.

The opening by the Prince of Wales on May 26 of the new buildings at "Guy's," erected for the extension of the Medical School at the cost of its excellent staff, was a practical instance of the considerations which inspired his Royal Highness's establishment of the General Fund in aid of the London hospitals. Most of these beneficent institutions want more money, increased annual subscriptions as well as special gifts or bequests and endowments; the fund already raised for the support of Guy's amounts to nearly £200,000, and has enabled the Governors to reopen one of the wards that want of needful income had obliged them to close. But the fact that the sum of £12,000, contributed by the members of the professional teaching staff, has provided a new lecture theatre for about four hundred students, two laboratories for instruction in physiological chemistry and histology, with several class-rooms and working-rooms for scientific research, shows the generous spirit of their noble profession, and should confirm the public disposition to trust every such hospital with the means really needful for the complete performance of its functions. It must not be forgotten that Guy's Medical School requires further additions and appliances, involving ultimately the expenditure of £35,000 more; and that a Nursing Home, and the proposed opening of wards for numbers of patients now excluded, will demand fresh



THE PRINCE OF WALES OPENING THE NEW MEDICAL SCHOOL BUILDINGS AT GUY'S HOSPITAL.

appeals to public liberality within a very short time. At the opening of the new buildings the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge met other Governors of the Hospital, the Bishops of Rochester and Southwark, Viscount Cross, and many of its chief supporters, and received addresses from the senior surgeon, Mr. Howse, and the senior physician, Dr. Pye-Smith, and the whole medical staff, in the newly built lecture-hall, where the Prince delivered a thoughtful address, proving how carefully he had ascertained the results, direct and indirect, of hospital practice for professional instruction. Prayer and benediction, offered by the Bishop of Rochester, whose diocese comprises South London, followed the ceremonial opening, and the proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to his Royal Highness, in replying to which the Prince named "the Queen Victoria Ward."

SIR HENRY IRVING AT CANTERBURY.

It was a brilliant idea of Dean Farrar's to recruit the restoration fund of Canterbury Cathedral by asking Sir Henry Irving to read "Becket" in the Chapter House. Dramatically, nothing could be more appropriate. Tennyson's drama is a great tribute to the martyred Archbishop, and Sir Henry Irving's embodiment of Becket is one of the most masterly impersonations in the history of the stage. The Dean could have given no better example of the breadth of mind which is so notable a growth in the ecclesiastical history of the Queen's reign than this

association of the head of the dramatic profession with the traditions of Canterbury. Twenty-five years ago the bare idea would have caused a gasp of indignant astonishment; to-day it is accepted as part of the acknowledged order of things. The ceremonial in the Chapter House was very impressive. No man in public life has a finer sense of dignity than the manager of the Lyceum, and his appearance at Canterbury was in admirable accord with the occasion and the place. People who have never heard Sir Henry Irving read have no adequate idea of his gifts. Just as he gives the atmosphere of a Shaksperian play on the stage by subtle details which appeal to the imagination, so, at the reading-desk, with even greater art, he unfolds a drama in which for the nonce he is all the *dramatis persone*. Of Tennyson's diction Sir Henry has always had a delicate appreciation, and nothing pleased his audience at Canterbury more than his delivery of the lyrics.

THE EASTERN CRISIS.

The Powers have made little progress with the negotiations for peace. After two Collective Notes they have obtained a prolongation of the armistice, but they are met at every turn by the evasive tactics of the Porte. When the peace terms are actually discussed, a delegate representing Greece may be admitted to the conference of the Ambassadors and the Turkish representatives. The arrangement of this and other preliminaries seems likely to extend over the armistice, and meanwhile the Sultan is sending more troops to Thessaly and Macedonia, and the Turkish commander is setting up a civil administration of the province which is claimed as the reward of victory. The Thessalian crops are seized by the Turks, and this, of course, represents a loss to Greece which will hamper her still further in the payment of an indemnity. The Powers are reported to be pressing upon the Sultan the necessity of a speedy withdrawal from Thessaly, and the Ambassadors, as usual, are agreed "in principle" upon the peace conditions. But agreements of that kind are too well known to inspire any confidence in Europe, or to make any impression on the Sultan's mind.

THE FIRST IRISH MUSICAL FESTIVAL OF MODERN TIMES.

Did Giraldus Cambrensis turn in his grave when the Herald Bard of the Gorsed and Eisteddfod gave their paternal greetings to the revivers of the Feis Ceoil (Musical Festival) in Dublin? For Gerald Barry was one of the hardest haters Ireland ever had. Yet even he had to acknowledge the superiority of the Irish harpers to those of his own nation, at the same time that he sneered at the dearth of musical instruments in Erin. The centuries have wrought a musical revolution. The Welsh are now the champions of the harp; the representative of modern Wales was greeted by a full and fine orchestra, which did justice to the "Irlande" of Augusta Holmes, the brilliant Irish-French composer, and fairly aroused the enthusiasm of a peculiarly critical audience by its stirring response to the bâton of Señor Esposito as he conducted his "Deirdre," a work compact of fire and melody, the production of which at the Feis would alone have made it memorable. It was memorable for other reasons: it proved that Irish choirs and Irish part-singers only needed the stimulus of a national occasion to reach a combined strength and delicacy of execution for which they had not been given credit, while fully confirming their reputation for a delightfully liquid and mellow vocalisation. But perhaps the best service that the Feis has rendered to Ireland is the proof it has given how musicians and music-lovers of opposite if not opposing schools may be induced to unite and think out and carry to a successful conclusion a programme which, if slightly marred by pedantry in its ancient Irish portion, was both scholarly and suggestive, both refined and popular. When it is added that, besides the leading Dublin vocalists, the Feis had the advantage of such principal singers as Madame Duma, Mr. Iver McKay, and Mr. William Ludwig, it will be seen that the vocal power of the festival was indeed considerable. The competent orchestra was conducted by Dr. Joseph Smith with his usual skill; and Mr. Laurence Walker, Mr. Owen Lloyd, and Mr. Garroghan gave valuable aid on the piano, harp, and Irish pipes respectively. The mention of the harp provokes one to wonder why the small Irish hand-harp is so neglected an instrument nowadays. There is no more charming accompaniment to an Irish girl's voice, no more artistic combination of colour, curve, and line, than "an ould Irish harp with a young Irish girl at it."

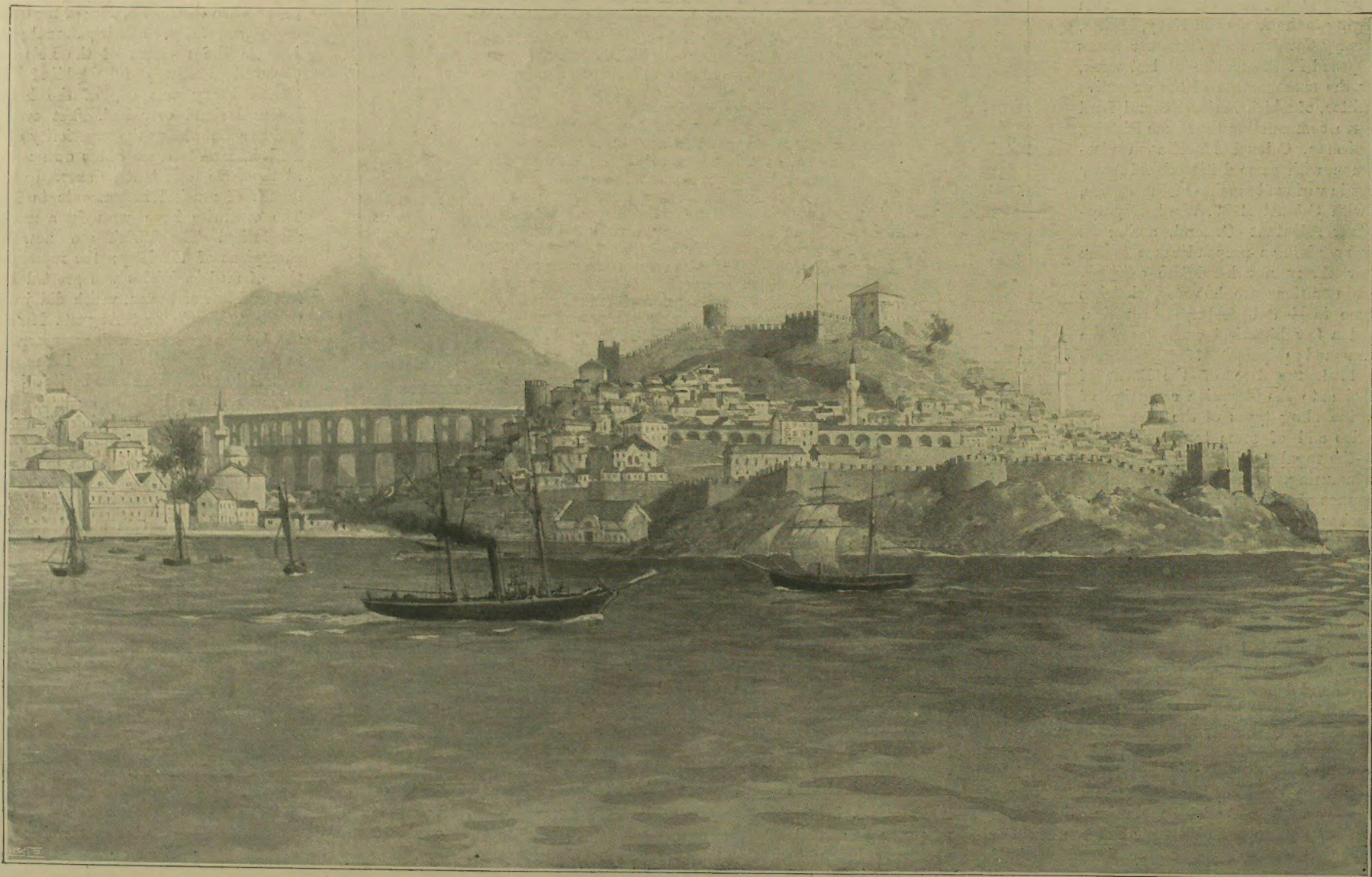
THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR



DOMOKO, IN THE HANDS OF THE TURKS.—[Facsimile of Sketch by Mr. D'Arcy Morell, our Special Artist with the Turkish Forces.]

The Greek position at Domoko which was attacked by the Turks on May 17 was one of great strength, but all the bravery of the Greek troops could not avail to hold it successfully against the overwhelming numbers and guns of the enemy, and though the Turkish onset was repulsed again and

again, the Greek commanders, after holding a council of war with the Crown Prince, decided on a retreat into the passes of Mount Othrys. The retreat began at three a.m., and by five o'clock the same morning Domoko was occupied by the Turks.



KAVALLA, NEAR THE SPOT WHERE GREEKS LANDED TO CUT THE RAILWAY FROM SALONIKA TO CONSTANTINOPLE.—[From a Sketch by the Rev. W. C. Bouchier.]

A party of Greek irregulars landed at Orfani, near Kavalla, to cut the railway connecting Constantinople with Salonika. Kavalla has the greatest export of tobacco in the world; nearly all cigarette tobacco for Egyptian cigarettes comes from here. The great Ali of Egypt was born here,

and founded the huge charitable college with many arches which may be seen beyond the sailing-ship in the accompanying sketch. Kavalla occupies the site of the ancient Neapolis, where the first Christian missionary to Europe, St. Paul, landed on his way to Philippi.



THE GRECO-TURKISH WAR.—THE RETREAT OF THE GREEKS AFTER THE BATTLE OF DOMOKO: THE REAR-GUARD FIGHTING ITS WAY THROUGH THE PHOURKA PASS.

From a Sketch by Mr. Julius M. Price, our Special Artist with the Greek Forces.

The Turks were not long in following up their victory at Domoko, and before the rear-guard of the retreating Greek army had got through the Phourka Pass, on its way to Lamia, the following afternoon, it found itself attacked by a body of Turkish troops who had succeeded in making their way across the mountains to outflank it. The fighting which ensued was of a fierce though desultory

description, and lasted intermittently for many hours. The Turks managed to bring up a mountain gun and had the advantage in position, the road through the pass on which the Greeks were retreating lying in many places along the edge of steep precipices and under overhanging cliffs. The number of men killed and wounded in this fight was greater in proportion than at Domoko itself.

PERSONAL.

The Hon. R. J. Seddon, Prime Minister of New Zealand, is the first of the Colonial statesmen to arrive in England as guests of her Majesty's Government for the commemoration festivities. Mr. Seddon took with him to the Antipodes, in early life, the stout rugged frame of a native of Lancashire, and the developments of State socialisation which his Ministry has set on foot make him one of the most interesting of the many interesting men who are now hurrying from all corners of the Empire to do honour to the Queen. He reached England by way of Canada, and it is noteworthy that he is entirely in sympathy with the bold stroke which Canada has made in the direction of the commercial unity of the Empire. Mr. Chamberlain looks forward to four or five weeks of discussion with the Colonial Premiers before they leave London, and he will find them practically unanimous in their demand for the removal of the hindrances to closer inter-Imperial relations which the Belgian and German Treaties now create. Mr. Laurier, the Canadian Premier, has, of course, especially strong views on the point.

Lord Monk-Bretton, who died on Tuesday last week, was the son of the Right Hon. Sir John Dodson, and was born in 1825. John George Dodson was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, taking a First Class (as did Mr. T. T. Palgrave on the same occasion) in *Literæ Humaniores* in 1847. Called to the Bar in 1853, he entered Parliament, sitting as a Liberal for East Sussex from 1857 till 1874, and for Chester from 1874 till 1880. In the latter year he entered the Gladstone Government as Secretary to the Board of Trade, but was unseated for Chester on petition; and, although re-elected on his acceptance of office, he was obliged to seek the suffrages of the electors of Scarborough, which he represented till his elevation to the Peerage in 1885. He had some experience as Financial Secretary to the Treasury, some as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and some as Deputy Speaker and Chairman of Committees. Moreover, he has the credit of passing the Employers' Liability Bill of 1880. Lord Monk-Bretton leaves one son, born in 1869, who now succeeds him, and also three daughters.

Colonel Smolenski, who has played a prominent part in the Græco-Turkish War, comes of an old Slav family. He has a strong face, black piercing eyes, and an abrupt manner. In his dress he is very particular, always wearing white gloves, and he emphasises any orders he gives with his small riding-cane. I first met him on the battlefield at Veles-tino (writes our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings



COLONEL CONSTANTIN SMOLENSKI.

Wright). He was standing a little apart from his Staff, earnestly watching the Turkish position through his field-glasses in the darkening twilight. "They are trying to surround me," he said to his aide-de-camp. He sent a number of gallopers with various instructions to the different parts of his lines. I asked him to let me sketch him, and also to make drawings during the forthcoming battle, to all of which he gave me permission. He then mounted his horse—a magnificent black stallion—and rode a few hundred yards further back, and up the hills, where he bivouacked for the night. That night he never slept, and the following morning he appeared perfectly rested and keen as ever. During the battle he gave his instructions calmly. Before the cavalry charge an officer reported some aggressive movement on the part of the enemy, of what nature I don't know. "Tell him to keep cool," he shouted in tones of rebuke. During the fight he showed no anxiety, though he must have felt it. He is a big man in every sense, and just the General to inspire confidence and respect in his men.

Sir Augustus Wollaston Franks, K.C.B., died on Friday last week in his seventy-second year. Born at Geneva in 1826, he was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge. His first volume, "Ornamental Glazing Quarries," was published in 1849, and was illustrated by his own hand. He had at that time already begun his collection of rubbings of monumental brasses, now the property of the Society of Antiquaries, whose Director, and finally whose President, he afterwards became. Meanwhile he had acted as secretary of the Exhibition of Mediaeval Art held at the Society of Arts in 1850, and had entered the British Museum as an assistant in 1851. To his friendship with Mr. Felix Slade, Mr. Henry Christy, Mr. William Burges, and Mr. John Henderson, their great bequests to the Antiquities Department of the Museum were mainly due. His own collections which enrich the Museum include Japanese, Chinese, English, and Continental pottery and porcelain, as well as rings, gold ornaments, and book-plates.

Following closely on that of Mr. Raper comes the death of another teetotal veteran, Dr. F. R. Lees. Born at Meanwood Hall, Leeds, in 1815, he graduated at Giessen University, where he was the contemporary of Lord Playfair. Returning to England, he became a Reformer, a slavery-abolitionist, and something of a Chartist. But it was as a Temperance advocate that he was to have his chief claim to memory. He had spoken in that cause many thousands of times, and had written some three hundred pamphlets and books, when, at the age of eighty, he was presented with his own portrait by the Leeds Temperance Society.

He worked to the last, dying of an affection of the heart suddenly at Halifax within an hour of the time of a meeting at which he was to plead once more for the old cause. Among his most notable personal characteristics was his resemblance to Carlyle.

Lady Lawson, wife of Sir Edward Lawson, Bart., and only daughter of the late Mr. Benjamin Webster, died on Tuesday morning last week at 12, Berkeley Square. Lady Lawson had borne with great patience a long illness, and she is regretted, not only in the large circle of her family and friends, but by numbers of the poor, to whom her kindness of heart had been her introduction. Her funeral, to which only near relatives were invited, took place on Saturday at Beaconsfield.



Photo Russell, Baker Street.

THE LATE LADY LAWSON.

London has had its bazaar of the season, undeterred not only by fear of fire, but by the rivalry of the Derby. In the interests of the poor of the Deptford Fund, the Duchess of Albany decided to ignore the existence of Epsom, and to supply at the Imperial Institute an attraction strong enough to draw crowds of legislators not enamoured of the racecourse. The promised presence of the Princess of Wales and the presidency over stalls of the Lady Mayoress, of the Duchesses of Marlborough and Somerset, of Lady Chubb and Lady Mary Pepys, of Mrs. Alfred Harmsworth and Mrs. Darling—the member for Deptford's wife—these and other items of the show-bill were secure of an enthusiastic crowd. London is supposed to be "empty" on Derby Day; but anyone present at the Imperial Institute Bazaar would realise how purely technical is the use of such a term.

The great betting question is still undecided. An attempt is being made to upset Mr. Justice Hawkins's ruling about "a place," and the point is referred to the House of Lords. It is gravely affirmed that on the decision of that tribunal hangs the fate of our "national sport." In other words, if betting on racecourses is declared illegal, the Turf will disappear. This means that there is no interest in horse-racing without the stimulus of gambling, an exaggeration which cannot be expected to weigh with the Lords. If betting in "a place" is to be held legal the present law will have to be revised if its administration is to have any consistency.

Thanks to the enterprise of the South-Eastern Railway Company, a busy Londoner may now leave town, after transacting a morning's business—to be precise, at 2.45 p.m.—reach Paris at 10.50 in the evening, get a night's rest, perform his business in the French capital the next morning, leave Paris at 3.45 p.m., and sleep in his own bed again the ensuing night, if his visit is necessarily so brief. And it is not the first-class passenger alone who is to be spared the uneasy slumber snatched on a night journey, for the new service provides for all classes of traffic. The new train leaves Charing Cross at 2.45, calls at Cannon Street, and proceeds thence to Folkestone Harbour with only one stop—at Tunbridge—where Great Western through-carriages are attached. On the inaugural journey, earlier in the week, the new paddle-steamer, the *Duchess of York*, larger than any other vessel in the South-Eastern Company's service, proved a very convenient boat, and reached Boulogne in excellent time.

The Rev. John Pulsford, D.D., who was at one time Chairman of the Congregational Union, and whose death

was reported last week, was born in 1815, and led a very active life, both with voice and pen. Among the books by which he was well known among his coreligionists were "Quiet Hours," "Supremacy of Man," and "Infoldings and Unfoldings of the Divine Genius in Nature and Man." His last work was entitled

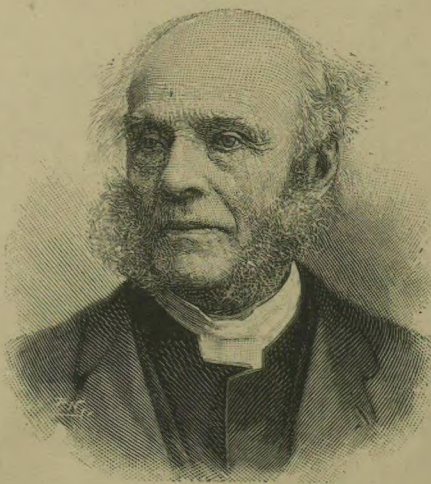


Photo London Stereoscopic Co.

THE LATE REV. JOHN PULSFORD, D.D.

"Loyalty to Christ." Most of Dr. Pulsford's religious writings are characterised by a fine spiritual insight which gives them a place of their own in Nonconformist literature.

The lecture on Sheridan, which will be delivered by Mr. Richard Ashe-King on June 10 at St. Martin's Town Hall, under the auspices of the Irish Literary Society, will gain immensely in interest by reason of the chairmanship of Lord Dufferin, who, as the great-grandson of the author of "The School for Scandal," has inherited much of

Sheridan's literary, political, and oratorical powers. Indeed, the Sheridans have been noted wits for several generations. The first of importance was the Rev. Thomas Sheridan (1684-1738), a Cavan man, who was described by Lord Cork as "ill-starred, good-natured, and improvident; a punster, a quibbler, a fiddler, and a wit," and the friend of Swift. His son Thomas, an actor of some repute, compiled a series of books on elocution, and wrote a *Life of Swift*. His son was Richard Brinsley, of immortal memory, who ran away with the ravishing Miss Linley, of Bath. They had one son, Thomas, who married an authoress and who had four sons and three daughters. One of the latter became the Hon. Mrs. Norton; another reverted to Ireland by marrying the fourth Baron Dufferin, the father of the present Marquis; while the third became Duchess of Somerset. Mrs. Norton and Lady Dufferin both inherited their grandfather's literary ability, and the Marquis recently edited, with a charming preface, his mother's moving verse. The instinct for the stage still hovers round the family. Miss Brinsley Sheridan (the daughter of R. B. Sheridan, M.P., brother of Mrs. Norton) is a well-known actress, and became famous as the financier of "Charley's Aunt"; while Lord Dufferin's daughter, Lady Victoria Plunket, played Lady Teazle at the age of ten in Constantinople, when her father was our Ambassador there. Miss Brinsley Sheridan's brothers conduct a financial journal in the City, and the wife of one of them was presented at Court the other day. Lord Dufferin's son, Lord Basil Blackwood, inherits the family wit; last Christmas he illustrated a very amusing volume of nonsense-verse for children.

British sympathy with the wounded Greek soldiery has already been expressed in more ways than one, and now the patients are not only to be tended by English hospital nurses, but are, in many cases, to have the use of Bath-chairs and invalid-carriages of British make. For, in fulfilment of an order from the Crown Princess of Greece, Messrs. Leveson and Son, of New Oxford Street, last week despatched from Liverpool a large consignment of such vehicles to Athens. It is to be hoped that many of these Bath-chairs are destined to be the outward signs of convalescence as they often are on the seaside esplanades of their native country. The Crown Princess has been indefatigable in her efforts to relieve the sufferings of her husband's wounded soldiers, and has much endeared herself to all classes of the community by her practical sympathy.

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HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Balmoral, on Friday, May 28, received the Persian Special Envoy, Abdul Kasim Khan, the Nassir-ul-Mulk, sent to announce the accession to the throne of the present Shah. The Queen is accompanied by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. Princess Henry of Battenberg left England for Germany on May 26.

The Prince of Wales, whose public occupations last week included the opening of the Medical School buildings at Guy's Hospital on Wednesday, separately mentioned, his visiting the Royal Military Tournament at Islington on Thursday, presiding on Friday over the council of his fund for the London Hospitals and laying the foundation-stone of new buildings in the City Road for the Royal Ophthalmic Hospital, finally on Saturday, with the Princess of Wales, visiting Canterbury Cathedral and opening its new Chapter House, held a Levée at St. James's Palace for the Queen on Monday. His Royal Highness on Tuesday visited the King of the Belgians at the Burlington Hotel, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha at Clarence House.

The Duchess of York has rejoined her husband at York House, London, from Sandringham.

The restoration or renovation of the ancient Chapter House of Canterbury Cathedral, mentioned above in connection with the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales on Saturday, has been one of the earliest undertakings of Dean Farrar, and is of much architectural and antiquarian as well as ecclesiastical interest. The building is, in different parts, from five to eight centuries old, being originally constructed by Archbishop Lanfranc, but mostly rebuilt by Lord Prior Henry of Eastry, and by Prior Chillenden, in the fourteenth century. Its walls and ceiling, as now freshly decorated, present rich colouring and profuse ornamental devices. Here was held the stately assembly to receive the royal visitors, with Princess Victoria of Wales and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark; the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Home Secretary, the Duke of Fife, Earl Stanhope, Lord Lieutenant of Kent, Lord Rosebery, Lord Wolseley, and other noblemen or gentlemen of distinction, with the Mayor and Town Council, were present. Their Royal Highnesses noticed the scene of the murder of St. Thomas à Becket and his shrine, the tomb of Edward the Black Prince, and other remarkable features of the Cathedral. A stained-glass window, containing figures of all the saints and Kings and Queens associated with its history from Saxon times, has also been restored; and the great east window, a restoration of which has been provided by a gift of the Kentish Freemasons, Earl Amherst being their Provincial Grand Master, will be uncovered with Masonic rites in the autumn of this year.

The letter of invitation addressed by Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, in January to the Governors of all the Colonies inviting their Premier Ministers to visit England, and suggesting also that detachments of the local military forces of the Colonies should be sent upon the occasion, of the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's reign, has been laid before Parliament.

At the annual dinner of South Australian colonists in London on Saturday evening the chairman was Mr. S. J. Way, Chief Justice of that colony, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Herschell, Lord James of Hereford, the Earl of Carrington, the Earl of Jersey, and several of the Agents-General for different colonies were present.

The Home Counties Liberal Federation held a meeting at St. Albans on May 26, when Earl Spencer was the leading speaker. The General Committee of the National Liberal Federation, at Derby, on the same day, had Dr. Spence Watson in the chair, and passed several resolutions for particular measures of reform. At Glasgow, on Saturday, Mr. T. M. Healy spoke of the divisions in the Irish party, but commended Mr. Balfour's Irish Local Government Bill. Mr. Dillon, presiding over a meeting of his Irish Parliamentary party, declared that they could not join in the Queen's Jubilee celebration.

The South Africa Inquiry Committee of the House of Commons on Friday examined Mr. Alfred Beit, a director of the South Africa Company, who, like Dr. Rutherford Harris, its secretary, turned upon Mr. Labouchere, complaining of his injurious and unfounded accusations of secret dealings with the company's shares in view of the

intended Johannesburg revolution. The refusal of Mr. Hawkesley, the company's solicitor, to produce telegrams between himself and Mr. Cecil Rhodes was further discussed. The Committee will report this matter to the House of Commons. Mr. Rochfort Maguire, another director with whom Dr. Rutherford Harris acted, was called on Tuesday. It was announced that Lord Selborne, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, would be a witness at the next meeting of the Committee, and that would complete the evidence to be taken with regard to the raid into the Transvaal.

The London Municipal Society reports that the recent elections of administrative Vestries or Parish Councils in the Metropolis have resulted in a net gain of seventy-six to the Moderate party, and nineteen seats have been gained by that party in the smaller non-administrative Vestries, which are combined to form local Boards of Works.

The Pope on May 27 conducted at St. Peter's a grand ecclesiastical ceremony, with Pontifical High Mass, for the canonisation of two saints—namely, St. Antonio Zaccaria, founder of the Order of the Barnabites, and St. Peter Fourier, the Apostle of Lorraine.

A panic in the congregation at some special religious rites on Saturday, in the Cathedral of Pisa, caused by an alarm of fire, resulted in the death of nine persons and injury to many others, from the sudden rush and crush of the alarmed crowd at one of the doors.

On Monday night the Cretan insurgents made a furious attack on the Moslems at Hierapetra. This was forbidden by the commanders of the combined European Powers' naval squadron. To stop the fighting, a bombardment of the assailants' position was begun, after due warning, by

MUSIC.

The Opera has not been very interesting during the past few days, although on Saturday last Bruneau's "L'Attaque du Moulin" was given with a really excellent cast. M. Noté took the Miller's part, and sang with much distinction, acting also with more freedom than he has hitherto shown on the Covent Garden stage. M. Bruneau was present, and expressed himself highly pleased with Miss Marie Brema's performance of Marcelline, a fact that does not at all surprise one, for she sang and acted with rare intensity of the truest dramatic force. Françoise, a difficult part both to act and sing, was taken with fair success by Miss Esther Palliser, and the part of the Sentinel was admirably sung by M. Bonnard. On the whole, the interpretation was highly satisfactory. M. Flon conducted his orchestra intelligently, and the chorus was sufficiently adequate.

"Die Meistersinger" was announced for Monday last, but at the eleventh hour M. Jean de Reszke was taken "with sudden indisposition," and the management decided to produce "Tannhäuser" instead, with Van Dyck in the title-role, Madame Eames as Elizabeth, M. Plançon as King, Madame Pacary as Venus, and M. Noté as Wolfram. Having praised M. Noté's Merlier in "L'Attaque du Moulin," we are at liberty to say that his Wolfram was, as a piece of acting, altogether inadequate. The ludicrous want of sympathy which he showed with the part—particularly, for example, when he cleared his throat loudly in answer to Tannhäuser's impassioned appeal of the second act—made one long for Maurel and Bispham in this, one of the most beautiful of all Wagner's characters. That M. Noté sang robustly well was, so far as this part was concerned, his only merit. Van Dyck's

Tannhäuser was a superb piece of work, and Madame Eames as Elizabeth was altogether charming. The chorus and orchestra were a little at loose ends under Mancinelli, owing doubtless to the sudden change of opera.

Last Saturday, at the Queen's Hall, the last of the Symphony Concerts for the present season was given, under the admirable conductorship of Mr. Henry Wood, who played a programme arranged by *plébiscite*. The concert showed two things: that Mr. Wood is not a fine conductor of Berlioz, whose Queen Mab Scherzo went very lamely; and that he is a most distinguished conductor of Tchaikowsky, whose Pathetic Symphony went little short of brilliantly. The big March Movement of the third section could scarcely have been bettered. Madame

Blanche Marchesi, admirable singer that she is, sang Saint-Saëns' "La Fiancée du Timbalier," a most interesting and delightful dramatic ballad, never heard before in public over here, with splendid success. Mr. Robert Newman resumes these attractive concerts in the autumn, when Mr. Wood will again conduct.

THE NEW DEE BRIDGE AT QUEENSFERRY.

The name of Queensferry on the Forth, and the name of the river Dee, also in Scotland, might be likely, if Mr. Gladstone, in his old age, were still as ubiquitous as he seemed formerly, to suggest a mistaken idea of the locality of his most recent public appearance. It is on the not less famous river Dee which parts, on the Welsh Border, the counties of Flint and Chester, not far from Hawarden, that the Queensferry is situated where the right honourable and venerable gentleman on Wednesday last opened a new bridge. Pontifical ceremonies are worthy of the personality of an illustrious statesman. This will be styled "the Victoria Jubilee Bridge." It has been erected by the Flintshire County Council, whose chairman, Mr. W. Elwy Williams of Rhyl, with Mr. R. Podmore of Sealand, chairman of the Bridge Committee, and the Council Clerk, Mr. Kelly, assisted in the ceremonial, followed by a luncheon at the Hawarden Castle Hotel. The bridge is a fine structure, perhaps unique in design, with two spans of iron fixed upon solid masonry abutments at opposite banks of the river, and with two iron girders in the middle sliding telescopically forward by hydraulic power, to be drawn back for vessels to pass. The whole length is 400 ft.; the carriage-way in the centre narrows to 9 ft., with two footpaths, sufficient for the traffic. It has cost £15,000. The Cheshire County Council and the Dee Conservancy Board have contributed to the cost. The engineer is Mr. T. W. Barber, of St. Leonards, and the contractors were Messrs. Schofield, of Leeds.

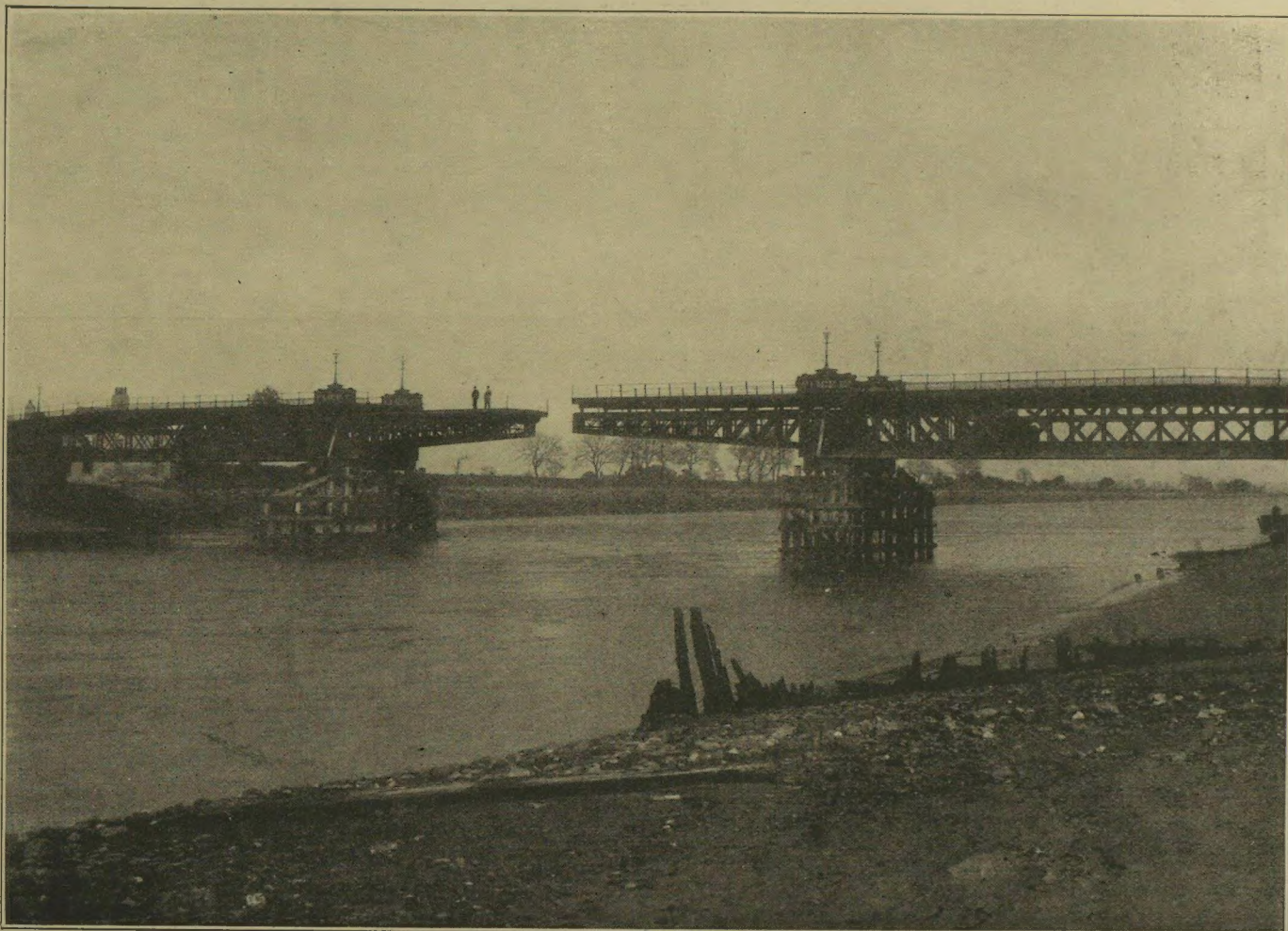


Photo Brandebourg, Chester.

THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE DEE AT QUEENSFERRY, OPENED JUNE 2 BY MR. GLADSTONE.

French and Italian ships of war. It had the desired effect. The British troops occupying Candia have been ordered to disarm the Mohammedan population which is under British protection there. The Admirals have informed the Cretan insurgents that the Turkish garrisons in the island will now be removed. Three hundred and fifty Italian volunteers, with Ricciotti Garibaldi, have left Crete, and on Tuesday landed at Brindisi amid enthusiastic popular acclamations.

The Crown Prince of Roumania, nephew to King Charles and son-in-law of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, has been dangerously ill, at Bucharest, with inflammation of the lungs and the effects of an attack of typhus fever, but he seems likely to recover.

The British Commissioner, Mr. Rennell Rodd, on a diplomatic errand to the Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia, arrived on Friday, May 28, at Adis Abeba, his Majesty's capital in Shoa, and was very courteously received.

All the British officers of the Egyptian army in the Soudan have to be at their posts before the end of June for the advance up the Nile from Merawi to Abu Hamed, and thence possibly to Berber. It is not yet certainly known whether this advance will be resisted by the Dervish forces, or whether the Khalifa will restrict his operations to strengthening the Omdurman defences, and preparing to oppose the recovery of Khartoum, which, however, does not seem to be an immediate object of this year's movements of the Anglo-Egyptian army.

In the "Rhodesia" territories of the British South Africa Company, but more now in Mashonaland than in Matabelland, renewed conflicts with the native insurgents have been reported during the last week. Major Brown has been fighting several days, about twenty miles from Marandella's Kraal, without effecting the complete defeat of the enemy, and is to be reinforced by Captain Harding, with a Maxim gun and a seven-pounder, from Salisbury.

THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR.



CLOSE OF THE BATTLE OF PHARSALA.

Facsimile of a Sketch by Mr. D'Arcy Morell, our Special Artist with the Turkish Forces.

The Greek position at Pharsala was attacked by the Turks on May 5 with so fierce an onset that though they were repulsed with heavy loss the Greeks eventually decided to evacuate the position for fear they should be surrounded by Edhem Pasha's forces. Pharsala was therefore abandoned in the night,

the Greek army falling back on Domoko while the Turks were still planning to outflank them. The scene here sketched shows the capture of the railway line and station by the Turks shortly before nightfall, one of the Turkish gains which made the Greek commanders decide to abandon the position.



THE BATTLE OF DOMOKO: THE GREEKS BRINGING IN THEIR WOUNDED FROM THE FRONT.

From a Sketch by Mr. Julius M. Price, our Special Artist with the Greek Forces.

This sketch speaks for itself. In the midst of the booming of cannon, the rattle of musketry, and the general excitement of the battle, the long, slow cortège of wounded men wending its way towards

the temporary hospital in the rear was very impressive. Most of the men bore their sufferings bravely enough, and there was little groaning; the look of mute agony was more piteous than any sound.

THE TURF CUTTERS.

BY

SHAN F BULLOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.



IT was the first real day of spring—a living, heartsome day. The great sun looked down joyously on an awaking earth; the air had a freshness as of the sea; from every hedgerow the birds piped out; the hills were alive, the valleys jubilant; far away my lord the mountain stretched himself lazily in the sunshine; everywhere beneath the glad sky ran a riot of life, the earth thrilled with it, the wind came throbbing with its mad fervour.

In the valley which lies between Emo and Rhamus hill the turf-cutters were out; and now, the clang of the one o'clock bell in Louth farmyard having died away among the hills, sat gathered round their fires among the heather. All the morning, from a score of mounds the blue smoke had streamed up, had run its tattered skirts together above the level of the hill-tops, swept before the stress of

all your wanderings, the wind had brought to you the sound of laughter, the shouts of the men, the songs of the women, the skirls of the children; now and then, as the smoke lifted, you had had a glimpse of the crowd of workers, had seen the flash of the spades, the glint of the shawls and handkerchiefs, the sudden popping of the peat from black bog-holes, the going and coming across the banks of the shrieking barrows: so, all the morning, it had been: now silence held the valley, the smoke went up thin and clear, and, scattered among the willow clumps, you had sight of the turf-cutters gathered in groups round the twinkling fires.

At the top of the bog, not far from the Curleck road, burnt the fire of the Dalys; and round it, sitting squat on the dry peat bank, was a party of ten: three men, three women, and four little Dalys—a family group gathered from neighbouring bog-holes to make merry over the potatoes and salt.

As lord of the fire, and tenant, moreover, of an elegant mud-house (the same, in fact, that in the old days had sheltered Pete Coyne), James Daly held chief seat at the feast, well shielded from the wind by a willow clump, his back to a stump, his legs crossed luxuriously. Beside him, on the one hand, his brother-in-law, Mike Brady, a thin, sour-looking man, sat propped against a creel; on the other, sat his old father, bent forward like over-ripe corn, his eyes fixed wearily on the fire, and his old gums wagging. Facing these, cook and hostess in one, squatted the buxom Mrs. Daly (known thereabouts as Fat Anne), having on this side her sister-in-law, Mrs. Judy Brady, a woefully thin and yellow little woman; and on that her cousin, Lizzie Dolan, young, fresh, bouncing, the belle of the bog.

These six almost ringed the fire; but behind the broad back of Mrs. Daly a lesser ring of four shock-headed children kept themselves in a fine state of excitement by jouking under the elbows of their elders for a chance glimpse at the fire, by scrambling for the potatoes

of them against half a ton of hay: truly an uncouth party enough and a motley, striving there, on the fat earth, beneath the glad sky, to appease stern hunger with offerings of potatoes and salt and libations of buttermilk.

"Well, glory be to God," said Lizzie the bouncer, as she cooled a potato by deftly throwing it from hand to hand: "glory be to God, but it's grand to feel that warm sun on the small o' your back."

"Yis," said Anne Daly, and turning over on her knees began drawing a fresh cast of roasted potatoes from the fire with a pair of wooden tongs: "yis, an' when forby that the fire's scorchin' the face on ye, it's like as if ye were stretched between two mustard plasters. There ye are, childer," cried she, and began dropping the potatoes one by one over her shoulder; "an' God send they may fatten ye."

The children skirled and scrambled; excitedly the dog yelped and jumped. "Stop yir throats over there, dang ye!" shouted Mike Brady. "And stop yours," retorted Anne Daly, and held out a potato. The milk-noggin went round; Lizzie the bouncer wiped her lips on her bare arm, and gave another little sigh of content.

"Och, but it's the heavenly day, anyway," she went on, and looked up at the sky. "Luk how far away the sky's gone—an' it as blue as blue. Aw me! An' to think that only yisterday, or the day afore, we were shiverin' in our stockin's, an' now—an' now we're as warm as warm. Aw, sure, it's powerful to be alive!"

Mike Brady bent forward towards Lizzie.

"Ay, it's well to be alive. It'd take more'n the sun to warm ye if ye were below," said Mike, and pointed downwards with his finger. "Sun or moon," he went on grimly when he had blown his potato cool, "is all one when the worms are in your bones."

"Ugh, listen to the man," said Lizzie, with a shrug. "Lord sees, it's ducked in a bog-hole ye should be, Mike Brady. Such talk on such a day!"

"An' what ails the talk? An' what ails the day, will ye tell me?" answered Mike, and looking up, fixed his bright little eyes on Lizzie's face. "Jist because *you* feel like a filly on grass is that any reason why I should? Eh?"

Anne Daly sat back on her heels, leant on the tongs, and bent forward towards Mike.

"I say, Mike Brady," said she, "it'd be manners in ye to keep your foolishness till ye've filled your stomach. Man alive, what ails ye? Or did ye sleep on nettles last night? You an' your bones an' worms. Ach!"

"She's right there," said James Daly, with a wag of his head. "Keep such talk till ye are like the ould man here. Time enough to talk o' graves, Mike, when your head's white."

"Ay, ay," growled old Daly. "Ay, ay. Och, ay!"

"An' isn't it jist that?" snapped Mike. "Isn't it jist because I'm travellin' fast to white hairs meself that I say such things?"

"White hairs your granny," sneered Anne Daly. "An' you wi' ivery tooth in your head. Arrah, whisht wi' your bleather, Mike Brady."

"Arrah, whisht wi' yeurs," retorted Mike. "D'ye think ye can tell me about meself? A lot o' good teeth 'll be to a man that doesn't flesh them once in a blessed month. A lot o' good the sun or the spring 'll do a man when the blood's cowl'd in him. Look at Lizzie bloomin' over there



Plucking some sprays of heather, she began decorating the hat.

the wind out over Thrasna River, and gone trailing for the shining roofs of Bunn. All the morning, it had filled the valley and lain stretched like a blue veil upon the distant hills; wherever you went, all the morning, the pungent smell of it—bringing to you memories of mud-walls, soot-blackened rafters, and clacking groups round cottage hearthstones, had come to you, now thin and faint, like the whiff from a peasant as he slouches up the aisle o' Sundays, now wholesome and refreshing as the breath of whins, now hot and reeking as from the mouths of wattled chimneys. All the morning, in

that occasionally came flying over their mother's shoulder, peeling them with their fingers (in slavish imitation, be it said, of the ways of their elders), and throwing the skins to the dog. All the ten were bare-legged and bare-footed, and what garments they wore were coarse and ragged. The men were mud-splattered from head to foot, the women peat-stained to the ankles and elbows, the children shining like niggers through their tatters. The grip of winter was still fast in their bones, its hardships cut deep on their faces. Not a man there had sixpence in his pocket or a pound in the world; you might have weighed (and valued) the bulk

like a meadow daisy, an' as full o' life as a kitten. D'ye think I'm iver goin' to feel like that again?"

"Ach, whisht, Mike," said Lizzie, and dropped her face.

"It's God's truth," moaned James Daly, and wagged his head; "it's truth. I mind when the sight o' the spring sun 'd make me jump like a salmon, an' go struttin' along in me glory like a full-feathered peacock. Ay, I do. But it doesn't now. Na, na! It doesn't now. Ay, but it's well to be young. Yis!"

"It is so," groaned old Daly. "It is so."

"Aw, ay," sighed poor yellow Judy Brady. "It is so."

Dole seemed come upon the party; almost might you have expected to see them turn from the feast and sob among the heather. Of the six making the larger ring (the other ring and the dog had already gone scampering across the bog in quest of diversion) only Anne Daly kept from groaning.

"Well, devil take me," cried she, "but it's the lively party we're gettin'! Faith, if we only had a hearse we could make a decent funeral between us. Here, dang your eyes," she shouted, and scattered fresh potatoes over the turf-bank, "stop your croakin' wi' them!"

James, her husband, took out his pipe, and with his little finger began probing the bowl in search of tobacco.

"Me belt's tight," said he; "but I'll croak no more."

"Thank God for that same," replied Anne.

"For all that," continued James, and looked at Lizzie, "I'm free to remark, I suppose, that it's well to be young."

Lizzie raised her head.

"An' who's denyin' it?" asked she, not very softly.

"Divil a sowl," answered James, and reached for a coal.

"To hear ye, an' more 'n you, ye'd think ye were all grudgin' me me youth."

"Faith, an' so I am," answered James, and through his pipe-smoke winked gravely at Judy Brady. "So I am; for I wish to glory, Lizzie, I was young meself, an' had ye this mortal minit i' the inside o' me arm."

Lizzie tittered and flushed; Judy Brady put her hand on her wizened lips; Mike sniffed twice, which was as near laughter as he usually got; Mrs. Daly looked across the fire at her husband.

"Aw, thank ye, Mister Daly," said she, with a toss of her head.

"Arrah, not at all, Mrs. Daly," answered James, and waved his pipe-stem; "not at all. Woman, dear, ould married people like us are used to these wee things. Sure ye needn't thank me. Sure one o' these fine days some tight fella (we all know *who*) 'll be sayin' as much to Lizzie herself there over the coals."

Again James the wag winked at Judy Brady; Lizzie reddened and bridled up.

"Will he, indeed?" snapped she.

"Aw, 'deed he will, me girl; 'deed he will."

"An' supposin' he doesn't, Mister Daly?"

"The Lord sen', child; the Lord sen'."

"Then suppose he *does*, Mister Daly?" Lizzie persisted; "what 'll happen then?"

"Aw, the Lord knows, child; the Lord knows."

"Ye think," said Lizzie, and bent towards her tormentor, "ye think I'll sit here like Anne, an' listen to him?"

"I'm thinkin' so," drawled James. "Supposin' you're wise, I'm thinkin' so."

"An' supposin' I'm not wise?"

"There 'll be the devil to pay, I'm fearin'."

"That's what ye think o' marryin'?" cried Lizzie.

"That's it," answered James, and looked at his wife; "that's me experience. But niver fear, acushla; take things aisy. Marryin' 's like all else. Ye get used to it in the course o' time. Ye do so."

"Ye think that!" cried Lizzie. "An' ye think I—I—"

"I know all about it," answered James, in his driest manner, "all about it. At first, when the hard word comes ye 'll bite your lip; then, after a year or so, when you're seasoned a bit, ye 'll flare out angry an', mebbe, go for the tongs; after that, if you're wise, you 'll jist notice nothin'." Aw no. Like an ass's skin, ye 'll get dull o' feelin'; sticks 'll only rattle on ye, nothin' but prods of a pin 'll make ye jump. Aw no. That's the way o' the world, sirs. We're all the same. At first, when Mary goes to the milkin', out Pat must go to carry the candle; after a while, Mary goes be herself, an' Pat sits smokin' up the chimney; another year or two goes, an' if the cow kicks Mary into the gripe, Pat says it's a damned good job; after that, it's jist waiting for the end, an' when that comes it's good-bye in the graveyard for Pat or Mary, an' good riddance too. Ay, that's how the world goes, sirs; that's the way."

James settled back against his stump, folded his arms, and with the knowing smile of your professional humourist broad on his face, sat waiting for sport; already old Daly was nodding over his pipe; with gleaming eyes, the rest of the ring bent forward to have good sight of Lizzie's glowing face.

"That's what ye say," cried Lizzie, and stretched out a quivering arm; "that's what ye tell me to expect? That's the experience has come to *you*, James Daly, after all these years? An' ye sit there tellin' it to me! But

let me tell ye this, James Daly, an' to your face I say it: If I thought your words were true I'd scorn ye; an', for meself, I'd pray the Lord to keep me always young; an' I'd sooner die this day nor—"

At loss of a word, perhaps at loss of a thought (for she was speaking in a flurry of excitement), Lizzie paused; and just then the young scarecrows of Dalys began to clamour out in the heather.

"Here's ould Robin," cried they. "Luk, mammy, at ould Robin an' the ass."

"Go on," said James Daly to Lizzie; "ye'd sooner die nor what?"

"Here's ould Robin," shouted the scarecrows. "Luk, mammy."

"Ah, be quiet, ye brats, ye," shouted Anne.

"Aw, but here's ould Robin," persisted the scarecrows; and at the word Lizzie sat back and dropped her arm.

II.

Along the narrow cart-pass which from Curleck road runs down the middle of Emo Bog, an old man came slowly, and before him drove an ass and creels. His face was withered, rough, stubbled with iron-grey hair; a battered beaver hat hung precariously on his crown; about his neck was a thick woollen muffler, wrapped round and round, the ends hanging outside his greasy waistcoat. A long frieze coat, adorned with many patches everywhere, with brass buttons here and there, and pieces of cord in place of buttons elsewhere, hung from his bent old shoulders to his feeble old knees. His legs were tightly bound in coils of straw rope, and as he walked his great hob-nailed boots slipped up and down on his heels. His eyes were fixed straight before him, his tongue incessantly clicked on his palate, and he walked so close to the ass's heels that he was able to rest his oaken staff on the crupper of the creel-mats.

Now Robin, as he was called, was something of a character and a good deal of a favourite; and as he passed the Dalys' fire, Anne, nothing loth, maybe, in the manner of hostesses, to bring diversion to her party, rose and hailed him.

"Hoi-i, Robin," she called; "how the sorrow are ye?"

"I'm rightly," answered Robin, and plodded on.

"Is it pass us ye would wi'out a crack?" cried Anne.

"Och, man alive, what's the hurry?"

"I want screws for the fire," came back; "I haven't a spark."

"Ah, sorrow take the fire! Come over here an' share ours, an' ate a roasted pratie; come on, now, wi' ye."

Robin stopped short, scratched his pate, mumbled a word or two to himself; then left the ass to his devices, crossed the ditch which keeps the bog from the cart track, and stumbled through the heather to the Dalys.

All welcomed him. James shifted his seat a little and gave him a share of his stump; Anne piled the potatoes before him, set the milk-noggin at his elbow, promised him a bite o' bread an' a dribble o' tay later on, and told him to fire away. Without any ado Robin shot a potato from its jacket, dipped it in the salt and began eating. He gave no time to talk; hardly lifted his eyes from his hands. Well within ten minutes of the time of his coming there was not a potato outside his coat.

He put down the milk-noggin, gave a sigh of big content, wiped his lips on his coat-sleeve, settled back against the stump, and began groping in his pockets for his pipe. Already James Daly, with his elbow resting on the stump and his cheek on his hand, was fast asleep; Mike Brady, flat on his face, with his forehead on his crossed wrists, was lying like a log; old Daly, still sitting in the old place, had gathered up his legs, laid his arms across his knees, and gone asleep with his head resting on his hands; from the three went up a great sound of snoring.

"Well, I'm obliged to ye for that, Anne," said Robin, as he brought forth his pipe. "Lord love ye for it. Sure it's powerful to feel full again. Ay, ay!"

"Aw, not at all, Robin—not at all, man," answered Anne, and set an old black porringer on the fire; "it's a poor heart, sure, wouldn't share a bite wi' a neighbour. Here ye are, me son," and she held out a coal in the tongs; "light up an' have a draw before ye have the tay. It 'll be ready in a jiffy."

"I'm obliged to ye, Anne; I'm obliged to ye. Lord love ye, Anne," said Robin, then lit his pipe and fell a-smoking. Gradually his eyelids grew heavy; the pipe went out and fell from his lips; his head nodded once or twice, suddenly fell back on the stump—and Robin was with the snorers.

Anne Daly took the porringer from the fire; poured some black tea into a mug, added a little sugar, and handed the mug to Mrs. Brady.

"Drink, Judy," she said.

"God bless ye, Anne," said Judy, and drank.

"Did iver God make quarer creatures nor the men, I wonder?" Anne went on, and passed the mug to Lizzie. "To think o' the four sleepin' there like brute bastes an' good tay goin' beggin'. Lord sees, it's wonderful!"

"Ay, it's wonderful," said Judy Brady; "aw, sure they're the powerful strange mortals, anyway."

"Strange?" said Anne. "It's not the word. They're carknowable."

"There's Mike 'd sleep fifteen hours on end, wi'out

iver budgin' a limb," said Judy. "Dear knows, but only for the hunger, sometimes I think he 'd never wake."

"Well, he 'll get little chance, then, o' sleepin' for iver in this world," was Anne's comment. "For the likes av us can't get far from the hunger. Aw no."

"Aw no," said Judy, and took another sip of the tea. "Aw, 'deed we can't."

"Men are the devils," Lizzie broke in all suddenly. "To think o' the way that James talked! . . . It's—it's not true I tell ye. . . . I tell ye I 'll niver get married if—"

Mrs. Brady and Mrs. Daly opened eyes of wonder. "Lord sees," said they. "Lord sees!" Then said Anne in the voice of the scorner—

"Ah, quit your fool'ery, Lizzie Dolan. Troth, it's in short clothes ye should be still. You an' your tantrums, an' your threats, an' your bleather about niver marryin'! Niver marry, indeed! Troth will ye, an' that beforo harvest next. Here, take another drig o' that tay, an' stop your romancin'. . . . Mopin', indeed! An' James only jokin' ye. Mopin', indeed! An' you as good a'most as marrit already, wi' a snug house an' a bouncin' boy waitin' for ye; an' you not promised to him more'n a fortnight. Come, sit over here an' tell us about that weddin'-dress ye 'll be after gettin', and quit your piglin', for God's sake. Come on, I tell ye."

And Lizzie sat over; five minutes afterwards was herself again, bright-eyed, voluble, as full of spirits and life as that spring day was full of glory.

The talk was of butter, eggs, dresses—dresses, forsooth, and these poor souls with only tatters in their wardrobes—of their little affairs, pleasures, troubles, of men and marriage, and of Lizzie's coming marriage in particular. Presently it flagged somewhat, and a pause coming, Lizzie's eyes fell upon the woeful figure of Ould Robin. She gave a little shiver of disgust at sight of his old, time-beaten face, his ugliness and squalor, his open mouth and dribbling chin. "Lord, the ugly ould man he is!" said she; then, the spirit of mischief and of the spring being strong in her, reached over and softly took the old beaver from Robin's head.

"Whisht," said she, as Anne Daly remonstrated, "whisht, till I show ye"; and plucking some sprays of heather, she began decorating the hat. Long pieces she fixed all round within the band, and hanging down behind, and sticking forth the holes on top; here and there on the rim she laid a potato-skin, and up the front fastened the old man's pipe; then, all being to her fancy, gently replaced the hat on Robin's head, and drew back tittering.

"Lord, the sight he is; the comical ould sight!" cried she. "Whisht, Anne, whisht; don't laugh, or ye 'll wake him." But already Anne had laughed, and Robin was awake.

He sat forward, blinking and rubbing his eyes.

"Faith," said he, in a hoarse croak, "I—I misdoubt I was asleep—so I was."

The women were so near laughter that none dared venture an answer.

"Faith," said Robin again, "I must ha' been asleep—so I must." He yawned wearily, stretched himself; then made as if to rise. "I 'll have to be stirrin', so I will," said he. "I wonder where that devil av an ass is now? Mebbe it's kickin' in a bog-hole the crature is."

With an effort Lizzie choked down her laughter.

"Ah, no, Robin," said she, "ah, no; don't be stirrin' yet. Sure you've time enough; and there's the ass grazin' along the pass; an' ye haven't had your tay; an'—an' sure ye 'll wait, anyway, till the men wake up. Sure, they'd be ojus glad to see ye again," said Lizzie and winked at Anne Daly.

The old man sank back against the stump.

"Very well," said he, "very well. Sure, there's no hurry, so there's not. It's a long day till night yet, an' there's no one waitin' for me now at home; aw, no."

Up and down the old man wagged his head; and at sight of the dancing heather-plumes in his hat Lizzie buried her face in her hands and turned quickly away.

"Aw, Anne, dear," said she; "Anne, dear, I 'll die, I 'll die!"

Robin gathered up his knees, clasped them with his hands, and sat looking towards Thrasna River. "Aw, no," he moaned, "there's no one waitin' now."

Again Lizzie turned to him.

"Tell me, Robin," said she; "what age might ye be, now?"

"If God spares me, I 'll be seventy-five come next Hallowtide, so I will. Yis, seventy-five years."

"It's a big age," said Anne Daly; "a powerful big age."

"Arrah, not at all," said Lizzie. "Sure it's only a trifle, an' it lies like a feather on him. I say, Robin, isn't it near time ye thought o' marryin' again?"

The old man turned his head slowly and looked full at Lizzie.

"What's that?" said he.

"Aw, now, ye heard me well enough," said Lizzie, with a coy look. "That's only your little way. Come, now, Robin, out wi' it: Who's the lassie?"

"Is it o' marryin' you're axin' me?" asked Robin; and before the solemnity of his face Lizzie dropped her eyes.

"It is," said she.

Slowly Robin turned his head and looked out over the heather.

"I was married only once," said he, very deliberately; "only once; an' I wish to God I was married yit, for its meself is the lonesome man this day."

The women looked soberly at each other. Across the fire, old Daly awoke, and sit staring in wonderment at Robin's hat. Mike Brady turned over on his back and began to yawn.

"I dunno if ye know it," said Robin, turning again to Lizzie; "but yisterday twelvemonths to a day it was that I buried Mary."

Lizzie flushed crimson, and cast down her eyes.

"Aw, aw," was all she could say.

"Yisterday twelvemonths to a day," Robin went on. "An' would ye believe me, it's jist the same wi' me the day as it was twelve months ago—just as lonesome an' bewildered."

Mike Brady sat upright, and, like old Daly, in sleepy amaze watched Robin slowly rise to his feet.

"It's a mortal curious kind o' feelin' comes over a man," said Robin, stil' very deliberately, and, with his eyes fixed straight before him, speaking to no one in particular, "when he loses somethin' that he's got used to. If it's only an ould 'baccy knife he kind o' frets over losin' it, an' the longer he's had it the more he misses it; an' when it's somethin' livin' that goes, an ould dog, mebbe, or an ass, or somethin'—aw, sure, the feelin' 's woeful, woeful. It's lek as if the world was different, somehow, an' oneself, an'—an' iverything. Aw, yis, it's a mortal curious kind o' feelin'. An' if so be it's God's will that a man loses his child, or a sister, or—or—"

Robin paused, and looking down at his boots, began rubbing his chin with his fingers. One or two of the potato-skins and a spray of heather fell from his hat, but he never saw them fall. Like logs the three women and the two men sat watching him. James Daly still slept. Out in the heather the children were shouting. From the fires here and there among the willow clumps came sounds of song and laughter.

"Nigh fifty years," Robin went on, and raised his face. "I lived wi' Mary nigh fifty years; an' all the time, 'cept one day an' night I spent in Glann witnessin' to a law suit, I was niver parted from her. Fifty year: sure it must be we got well used to other. Aw ay, it must be; sure it stands to sense that when two people ate for fifty years at the same table, an' work together, an' sleep together, an' do iverything together, that—that one's not oneself at all, but jist as much one as t'other. Sure it must be—aw, I know it; well I know it."

Again Robin paused. James Daly awoke, yawned, slowly raised his eyes; all at once caught sight of Robin's heather-decked hat.

"Why, why," he began; "what in glory, Robin—"

"Ah, whisht, ye bodach, ye!" snapped Anne, his wife. "Whisht, wi' ye?"

Robin fixed his eyes on Rhamus hill and went on.

"Ay, but it's wonderful the grip a woman has on a

man when he's lived wi' her for fifty years. Ay, it's astonishin'! An' ye niver know how astonishin' it is till ye lose her. Naw, ye niver know till then. Losin' anythin' else in the world's nothin' to it—nothin' at all. Ye get used to that in a week or a month or so; but niver, niver do ye get used to th' other. Niver, niver! Ah, well I know it. . . . Twelve months ago, an' a day more, I buried Mary. That's a longish time, ye'd think—long enough, anyway, to get used to missin' her. But somehow I can't get used to it. How is it, will ye tell me? How does it come that ivery night I start from me sleep an' stretch out me hand to feel if she's there—an' she isn't; an' ivery night I lie awake from that on till mornin', just lyin' frettin' an' frettin', an' thinkin' an' thinkin'? An' how is it, will ye tell me, that when I'm lightin' the fire o' mornin's, or lacin' me boots, or catin' me breakfast, or doin' anythin'

loneliness; an' for all I know, if I was to live to be a hundred it'd be jist the same, an' I'd be as lonely then as I am this mortal day. I'd go home, then, jist— I'll go home the day, knowin' that there's an empty house waitin' for me, an' a dark hearth; an' I'd go moonin' about, an' in an' out, an' up an' down, jist as if I was hopin' to see someone or tryin' to find somethin'. An' the foolishness av it, sirs, the foolishness av it; for, sure, there's nothin' to be found, nothin' in the world; an' there, starin' me in the face, iver an' always, is Mary's ould chair, and there's her boots, an' her shawl, an' her spees; an' the chair's empty, an' the boots, and iverything. Ay, iverything's empty, house an' all, house an' all—an' it's meself only feels like a ghost in it."

Robin stopped, rubbed his chin for a moment, then turned to Lizzie.

"So ye'll see," he said, and strove to smile a little. "ye'll see that mebbe, when all's considered, I've had enough o' marryin' to do my time."

"Aw, God help ye," moaned Anne Daly; "God help your ould heart."

But Lizzie, her face all wet with tears, ran to Robin.

"Wait, Robin," said she, and deftly began plucking away the sprigs of heather from his hat; "wait, me son, till I fix the band on that ould hat o' yours—sure it's all crooked, an' up an' down. There: now it's better, an' may God forgive me this day!"

"Forgive ye for what, child?" asked Robin.

"Aw, for me sins," cried Lizzie; "an' may God be good to you! But aisy now, till I fix ye up a bit. Aisy, now," said she, and knotted his scarf; then buttoned his waistcoat; then stooped and laced up his boots; last of all, took the old man by the hand. "An' now come away wi' me," said she, "till I help ye catch the ass an' get the screws for the fire. Come away."

"I will," said Robin. "Good-bye, Anne, ye girl ye—an' James—an' all. An' God be with ye."

"Good-bye, Robin," said Anne Daly, and spoke for the rest. "An' may the angels keep ye an' comfort ye!"

So, hand in hand,

Robin and Lizzie started; but just as they set foot on the heather Lizzie turned her head and flashed a look at James Daly as he sat staring hard into the fire.

"An' now, James Daly," cried she, "now what have ye got to say for yourself?"

THE END.



"Ach, whisht, Mike," said Lizzie, and dropped her face.

at all, I keep turnin' me head as I used to do when she spoke or I heard her foot? An' what is it sends me wanderin' about the house as if I was lookin' for somethin'—lookin' for I dunno what? An' then I ramble about the fields, an' do this an' that, an' see this an' that, and all the time me mind is ramblin', and I go moonin' and stumblin' about jist as if I was lookin' for a thing I'd dropped. What makes me carry on like that now? An' then I come back, an' when I lift the latch somehow there's a kind o' dread on me, for I know the house is empty as the grave, an' I know I'll keep hearin' things, an' imaginin' things, an' doin' quare things. Aw, it's mighty curious, odious strange. An' through it all I know I'm foolish—aw, I know it. I know she's dead an' buried, an' I know I'll niver see her in this world again; an' I keep tryin' to get used to it, an' tryin' to make the best o' things, seein' 'twas God's will an' can't be helped. But it's no use, no use; I can't forget things; I can't get used to the

Monsignor Merry del Val, the Papal delegate to Canada, is making a favourable impression among those in all parts of Canada whose ecclesiastical difficulties he has been sent from the Vatican to smooth over. Governor-General, Lieutenant-Governors, Dominion and Provincial Ministers have, regardless of race and creed, joined in welcoming him in the hope that he may, by his counsel to those of his own faith, suggest a way out of the grave sectarian and interprovincial troubles incident to the resolve of Manitoba to have no sectarian schools in the Province.



THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR: THE BATTLE OF DOMOKO FROM THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE TURKISH ARMY UNDER MARSHAL EDHEM PASHA.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. D'Arcy Morell.



THE GRECO-TURKISH WAR: THE BATTLE OF DOMOKO FROM THE GREEK SIDE.—[From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price.]

The Battle of Domoko, fought on May 17, was the fiercest and most concentrated action of the recent war, notwithstanding the fact that the cessation of hostilities had already been ordered, as the outcome of the negotiations between the Porte and the Ambassadors of the Powers. The Greeks occupied a strong position and successfully repulsed the first attack of the Turks on their left wing and centre. The right wing, under Colonel Mastrapas, was, however, obliged to fall back before the furious onset of the Turks, who had close upon a hundred guns in position, while the Greeks had less than half that number. The Greeks fought with such courage, however, that the fight continued till far into the night, raging along a line of some six miles in length, over the plain below Mount Pandus and the frontier hills. But the Greek commanders in consultation with the Crown Prince, who watched the action from the mountain-side, decided upon a retreat, and at three o'clock in the morning the Greeks fell back towards the passes of Mount Othrys, on the old frontier, leaving large quantities of war material behind them. In the course of the next day the Turks again attacked the Greek army in the passes of Furka and Kurya and other mountain positions, and obliged it to beat a further retreat towards Mount Oeta and the historic battle ground of Thermopylae. The action of the Turks in attacking the Greek position at Domoko, after the suspension of hostilities, called forth a vigorous protest from the Greek Government.

THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR: DOMOKO AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.



DOMOKO, LOOKING WEST: THE TURKS IN THE PLAIN BELOW.



POSITION NEAR DOMOKO, LOOKING NORTHWARD.



FUGITIVES FROM STULIDA.



DOMOKO, LOOKING NORTHWARD OVER PHARSALA.



THESSALIAN REFUGEES ON THE DOMOKO ROAD.



GREEK TROOPS PASSING ALONG THE LINE AT STULIDA.



LAMIA, MILITARY BASE NEAR THERMOPYLÆ.



A GERMAN MILITARY HOSPITAL.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

- The First Crossing of Spitzbergen.* By Sir W. M. Conway. With Illustrations and Maps. (J. M. Dent and Co.)
- Wild Norway: With Chapters on Spitzbergen, Denmark, etc.* By Abel Chapman. Illustrated. (Edward Arnold.)
- A Ride through Western Asia.* By Clive Bingham. With Illustrations from Photographs and Maps. (Macmillan and Co.)
- The North-West Provinces of India: Their History, Ethnology, and Administration.* By W. Crooke. (Methuen and Co.)
- Rhodesia, Past and Present.* By S. C. Du Toit. With Illustrations. (W. Heinemann.)
- Memories of the Month.* By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart. (E. Arnold.)
- The Migration of Birds.* By Charles Dixon. (Horace Cox.)
- The Concise Knowledge Library—Natural History.* (Hutchinson.)
- Birds of Our Country.* By H. E. Stewart. (Digby and Long.)
- Naturalists' Library—Moths.* By W. F. Kirby. (W. H. Allen and Co.)
- The Sportsman in Ireland.* By A. Cosmopolite. (Arnold.)
- Gibbon's "Decline and Fall."* Vol. II. Edited by Professor Bury. (Methuen and Co.)

Books of travel multiply apace, but, like their nomadic authors, few have "come to stay." One reason of this is that they are too often overlaid with personal details, which add to their bulk without increasing their value. The famous Volney, in omitting all such references in his "Travels in Egypt and Syria," set an example too rarely followed nowadays. Sir Martin Conway's book is a case in point; but this preliminary grumble ends all that can be said against it: for he tells an interesting story in artistic form. Exactly three centuries have passed since Spitzbergen and its outlying fellow-islands were discovered; but until last summer its interior was a blank on the map. The expedition which Sir Martin Conway organised met with a series of surprises on landing, since, in place of ice-covered areas akin to those of Greenland, they found boggy morasses, and a maze of valleys dividing intricate mountain ranges from which the ice had retreated, leaving a fine crop of problems for physiography to settle. Although the stay of the party was limited to six weeks, they surveyed an area of 600 square miles, climbed a baker's dozen of mountains, and penetrated the great fjords. The physical features of the island are set before us in excellent illustrations from photographs and sketches, and a map of the region surveyed is added.

Although "Spitzbergen" appears on Mr. Chapman's title-page, it fills only a brief and final chapter of his book. The author is no prentice hand, since his visits to Arctic regions date from 1881. After divers wanderings he returns—as who does not?—to "Gamle Norge," that remnant of primitive Europe where one stands "face to face with the genesis of creation, with glacial epochs, eocene forms of life," and the home of the Jotuns. Mr. Chapman's is essentially a book for the sportsman, for it tells of reindeer-stalking on the snowfields, of elk-hunting in the pine-forests, and of trout-fishing in a hundred streams. But he mixes with his "notes on the first principles of salmon-fishing," narratives of rambles by mossy uplands and of climbs over snow-clad ridges. Moreover, as a lover of birds and their mysterious ways, he adds some valuable observations on the migrations which he has noted during many voyages across the North Sea.

Mr. Bingham's ride was, more or less, of the nature of an obstacle race, but his skill and tact were as Open Sesame, and carried him into the heart of Armenia within a week after he left London. He has much that is interesting and opportune to tell about that unhappy country, and the dire work for which the religious fury of the Mohammedan soldiery is primarily responsible, although the abettor skulks in Yildiz Kiosk. The conclusion at which Mr. Bingham arrives is an echo of native opinion that "either the Turk must rule his provinces in his own way, or the European must step in and rule them in his way." And the European means the Russian, since no other Power has footing in that quarter. The author's facile and scholarly pen, skilfully weaving in the historical references occurring to a well-equipped mind, vividly describes the journey from Angora to Kashgar on the Western Chinese frontier. Turkish Arabia and Kurdistan were in the route, Persia was crossed and recrossed, and we are inclined to grudge the larger space accorded in the book to Asiatic Turkey when we get but snap-shot impressions of Tehran and Samarkand, and but a hurried glimpse of Nishapur and the grave of old Kháyyám "in a deserted field."

Mr. Crooke's volume is supplemental to his recently published important work on "The Popular Religion and Folk-Lore of Northern India"; for it deals with the physical and social features of the greatest of our Indian provinces, and is also the outcome of long experience utilised in study of the complex and fascinating problems which the East offers to the West. One-third of the book is filled with a description of the country and its products, and, more notably, with an account of the village communities which retain primitive characteristics of the greatest interest to the sociologist. The remainder of the work is taken up with ethnological, religious, and economic details. Mr. Crooke adduces evidence as to the peaceful nature of the "Aryan" immigration, and the blending of the higher with the aboriginal races, while the details of rites and customs which he gives emphasise Sir Alfred Lyall's description of India as a living museum, wherein we see gods and myths in the making. The final chapter shows how British rule has relieved the peasantry from past extortion, and how slowly modern improvements in agriculture find acceptance among them.

As Mr. Du Toit was the founder of the Afrikaner Bond, and representative of the Transvaal Republic at the London Convention, his point of view of certain burning questions between President Kruger and the British Government is not doubtful. But he writes temperately, and only the violent partisan will be heedless of the case as he puts it. In ways that recall the Scythian migrations he traversed South Africa from Vryburg to the Tati Gold-fields, and, in chatty fashion, tells the story of the foundation and destruction of the Matabili "Empire." On the road from Bulawayo to Salisbury he carries over

the tragic fate of Wilson and his party. Arrived at Beira, he sets down a number of figures to show that that port and Delagoa are rapidly becoming the successful rivals of Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, and the figures prove his statement. Wherefore our advice is, "Cape papers, please copy."

In "Memories of the Month" Sir Herbert Maxwell has collected from the periodicals wherein they originally appeared some ninety essays on very various subjects interesting to the naturalist, the botanist, and the sportsman. A few of these are so slight as to have been hardly worth reprinting, but the large majority well deserve the longer life assured by publication in book form. Sir Herbert conveys the fruit of much careful observation with a graceful and often humorous pen: and whether dealing with bird migration, the hardness of sheep, plant nomenclature, or dry-fly fishing, he is always pleasantly instructive or instructively entertaining. It is good to find so enthusiastic an angler condemning minnow-fishing as a "melancholy and inglorious occupation," to be justified only by sad necessity; the minnow is a poaching device, though few trout-fishers have the courage of their opinions and admit it. The author writes sound common-sense when he inveighs against the practice of naming new species of plants or animals after their discoverer: it is a mistaken departure from the true theory of classical nomenclature, which should owe derivation to the chief qualities for distinguishing points of genera or species; though we fear the "inglorious bipeds" whose pride it is to see a flower handed down to posterity as *Lilium Browni* or *Iris Robinsoni* would feel that Sir Herbert would cheat them of their dues. When treating of such mysteries as migration, or the swallowing of their young by snakes, Sir Herbert observes an attitude of reserve: we confess when we came to the latter subject we had hopes that he would adduce some new evidence one way or the other, but he has none to offer, and confesses, by implication, to an open mind.

In bold, nay, reckless contrast to Sir Herbert's modest half-dozen pages on bird migration is Mr. Charles Dixon's "Attempt to Reduce Avine Season-light to Law," an amended edition of the work he published a few years ago. The authorities who have studied this mystery of the mysteries hitherto, accept the theory of polar dispersal as the key. Mr. Dixon is convinced that this theory is erroneous, and is at pains to prove that the winter area, *i.e.*, the Equatorial region, is the "centre of dispersal": having proved this to his own satisfaction, if not to ours, he proceeds with confidence to the task he has set himself. He has obviously devoted much study to the subject, and is satisfied that all previous writers on migration, himself included, have been quite wrong; but it is to be feared that the new theory, involving as it does, among other sacrifices, the relegation of much of Herr Gätke's teaching to the large limbo of errors, will not meet with very general acceptance. Moreover, the most docile among students of average intelligence must feel qualms about following a pioneer who deems it necessary to weigh gravely "the most authoritative evidence" before he *thinks* (page 67) that "we may at once dismiss subaqueous hibernation as applied to birds as a physical impossibility"!

We are inclined to recommend to Mr. Dixon's notice as a thoroughly reliable elementary work the "Natural History" which forms the first of Messrs. Hutchinson's new "Concise Knowledge Library." The bulk, to say nothing of the cost, of natural history books with any pretensions to completeness puts them beyond the reach of the majority; and here we have one at once compact, cheap, and comprehensive. The names of the specialists who have contributed the contents of the book are sufficient guarantee of their trustworthiness; in the hands of Lydekker, Bowdler Sharpe, Kirby, Woodward, and Pocock, to mention a few of the more prominent, the inquirer after truth may feel safe. The illustrations, some 530 in number, are of varying merit; some are excellent, betraying close acquaintance with the beast or bird portrayed, while others leave something to be desired. A list of works to which the student might refer for further information on any genus or species would have been a valuable addition; but as the book already runs to over 750 closely printed pages, we really have no right to ask for more.

While there was ample room for such work as the above, we fear that Mr. H. E. Stewart's "Birds of Our Country" (Digby and Long) must be classed among the superfluities of bookmaking. It is very readable, if not particularly well written, and the schoolboy collector, for whose use it has been compiled, will appreciate it if he be not already familiar with the works of Morris, Atkinson, Hewitson, or one of a score of other writers. The needs of the incipient ornithologist have been so well supplied that a book lacking coloured plates of the eggs for which he hungers will hardly commend itself to him. Mr. Stewart has gone to good authorities to supplement his own information, and his book is, in the main, to be depended on; but we strongly deprecate inculcation of the idea that such restless, liberty-loving birds as the tits are suitable cage-pets.

To lay down Mr. Stewart's book and take up Mr. W. F. Kirby's concluding volume on the Lepidoptera ("Allen's Naturalists' Library—Moths") is to exchange the amateur for the specialist. The four volumes of which this is the last afford a liberal education in the natural history of the world's butterflies and moths, representing a vast amount of careful research by one of the first Lepidopterists of the day. Their value as works of reference is enhanced by the copious bibliography and not less by the truly admirable coloured plates, which are as conspicuous in this volume as in its forerunners. In appraising the merits of so large a series of drawings, the reviewer can only be guided by the accuracy of those representing species known to himself; and, tried by this test, the figures in Mr. Kirby's book never fail in correctness of outline and colour. The work is one that reflects the highest credit on all concerned in its production, and it may be cordially recommended to students and collectors alike.

"The Sportsman in Ireland" (Arnold's "Sportsman's Library") takes us into a different atmosphere. Published over half a century ago, Sir Herbert Maxwell has revised and condensed the original to fit it for a place in Mr. Arnold's new series. "A Cosmopolite," as the author elected to describe himself, was no naturalist, but a sportsman; we had almost said a "pure" sportsman, so keen an angler does he show himself; but inasmuch as the misguided man used salmon-roe, the adjective must be withheld. However, "A Cosmopolite" fished and wrote before that deadly luro was made illegal; and we can forgive him his misdeeds, for that they reveal to us, as they did to him, the amazing wealth of the streams of South-western Ireland in bygone days. The baskets he made, sometimes be it said with the fly, bring water to the mouth of the modern angler who pays an exorbitant rent for a reach that may yield two fish a week under favourable conditions. Though the author devoted his best energies to salmon, trout, and pike, his book is much more than a record of hook, play, and kill; it gives us a picture of Irish peasant life painful in the vividness of its sordid detail. The author was a political partisan, and we cannot fail to recognise political purpose in his remarks on the condition of the people; but at this date his bias does nothing to qualify the interest of a very entertaining book. Concerning Mr. Trench's illustrations, charity suggests silence.

The second volume of Professor Bury's edition of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" maintains the features which will secure it the first place among the various issues of that immortal book for many a year to come. As the present instalment opens with the famous chapters on the causes of the progress of Christianity, we naturally turn with eagerness to the Appendices in which the editor supplements the text. They do not belie expectation. Notable are the comments on the causes of the attitude of the Empire towards the movement whose future none could then forecast. Following the arguments of Mr. E. G. Hardy's excellent treatise, Professor Bury explains the persecution under Nero and his successors as the logical treatment of a religion which appeared to be anti-social, and to defy the Roman theory of the safety of the State as the supreme aim of every citizen. Moreover, he confirms Gibbon's view of the relative slowness of the persecutions, without approving the cynicism with which that historian speaks of the "annual consumption" of martyrs. Of high interest are the appendices dealing with the origin of the Gnostics; the legend of the finding of the true cross by St. Helena; the mother of Constantine; and the myth of St. George the dragon-slayer. Concerning the Gnostics, probably Professor Bury's reference to the "Pistis Sophia" was in type before the appearance of an English translation of that unique relic; while in his remarks on St. Helena's discovery, perhaps the dignity of history prevented him from noting the ingenious computation of M. Rohault de Fleury in his "Mémoire sur les Instruments de la Passion." That writer estimates that the known fragments of the "true cross" are about five million millimètres, whereas the entire cross would have contained one hundred and eighty million millimètres at least. Professor Bury rejects Gibbon's identification of St. George with George of Cappadocia: the temptation to confuse the famous hero with the fraudulent army contractor was apparently too strong for the historian to resist.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Successful novelists should beware of growing too exuberant over their achievements—at any rate, they should moderate their excitement in so public a place as the visitors' book of a popular hotel. In the visitors' book of an hotel in a watering place on the Kentish coast, for example, I yesterday came across the not unfamiliar handwriting of a popular lady novelist, who expressed her satisfaction in forcible terms at the fact that she had observed a seventh edition of one of her novels in the drawing-room. But alas for the lady's vivacious self-complacency! Another novelist of almost equal distinction—a brutal male—put in an appearance at the hotel a few weeks later, and ejaculated on the same page an expression of his satisfaction that the book was no longer there: "It has gone now, thank Heaven!" he wrote over his exceedingly well-known signature.

Dr. Conan Doyle's story entitled "Uncle Bernac" is a pleasant reminder of the value which the various memoirs of Napoleon which have been published during the last ten years are likely to prove to the romance novelist. Dr. Doyle has used de Meneval in particular in his account of Napoleon in "Uncle Bernac." I wonder, however, if the novelist is right in his assumption as to the condition of the anti-Bonapartist feeling in England. That there was abundant hatred of Napoleon among the upper and middle classes is indisputable, but it is not quite certain that there was not an enormous population of half-starved people who, had the Emperor once obtained a landing, would have been at least apathetic in the matter. Certain it is that after the war of which we are most justly proud—the war which culminated at Waterloo—the victorious soldiery, as they marched through English villages on their return, were in some places received with groans.

There would seem to be no end to the romantic and historical novel at the present moment. Mr. H. H. Hinkson is busily engaged upon a story to be entitled "The Green Cockade." It treats of the rebellion in Ireland in 1798. The subject is a picturesque one, not too well known to English readers, and, written upon with the capacity which we are justified in expecting from the author of "O'Grady of Trinity," the story should command a great deal of attention.

There is a pretty general complaint that the Jubilee is injuring the sale of books dealing with subjects other than that of the festivity itself. Some of our most popular novelists have been considerably surprised at the serious falling off in their sales.

C. K. S.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

The new Archbishop of Dublin, the Most Rev. Joseph Ferguson Peacocke, D.D., Bishop of Meath, has already proved himself possessed of valuable administrative gifts such as make him, as an ecclesiastical ruler, at any rate no unworthy successor to the Primatial see filled in days gone by by a Whately and a Trench. Dr. Peacocke's experience of the episcopal office is limited, he having been appointed to the Bishopric of Meath as recently as 1894, and it is therefore hardly to be expected that he should yet have given proof of all the qualities associated with the names of his greatest predecessors in his new dignity. His election has certainly been well received in Ireland, and this circumstance is in itself a tribute to the wisdom of the Irish Bishops' choice. The son of a well-known medical man, the new Archbishop was born in November 1835, and he is thus in his sixty-second year. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he did well, carrying off the first Gold Medal and Senior Moderatorship in History and English Literature in 1857. In the following year he took the Political Economy prize, and at the close of his divinity course he was declared First Divinity Prizeman. The year 1858 witnessed his ordination by Bishop O'Brien of Ossory, and he settled down to a curacy at St. Mary's, Kilkenny. In 1861 he became Secretary of the Hibernian Auxiliary of the Church Missionary Society, thus early affording an index of his theological position. But after two years he returned to parochial work as Curate of Monkstown,



Photo Chancellor, Dublin.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN,
THE MOST REV. JOSEPH FERGUSON PEACOCKE, D.D.

county Dublin, where he remained for ten years. Here he acquired a distinct reputation as an organiser and a successful parish priest, and in 1873 he was appointed to the rectory of St. George's, Dublin. Five years afterwards he returned to Monkstown as Rector of the parish, a position he retained until his elevation to the bishopric of Meath in 1894. It will thus be seen that he has had close connections with the diocese of Dublin, and he may be trusted to know something of its needs. Moreover, he was for nearly twenty years a representative Canon of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and in 1890 he became Examining Chaplain to the then Archbishop of Dublin. He has on several occasions been Select Preacher before the University of Dublin (where he was for a short time Professor of Pastoral Theology), and he has published one or two volumes of sermons. He will enter upon his new office very shortly. He holds very decided Protestant views, and is said to be more pronounced in the expression of them than even his predecessor, the late Lord Plunket. Dr. Peacocke married a daughter of Major John Irvine, of Killadeas, co. Fermanagh.

The see of Meath, rendered vacant by Dr. Peacocke's elevation to the Archbishopric of Dublin, is not the only Irish bishopric awaiting a new occupant, for the see of Kilmore has been vacated by the resignation of Dr. Shone, whose successor will ere long be appointed by the Synods to be summoned by the new Primate. The bishopric of Kilmore was founded early in the thirteenth century, and is combined with the see of Elphin, founded A.D. 500, and that of Ardagh, founded before A.D. 454.



"AUNTIE."—BY G. G. KILBURNE, R.I.

In the Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours.



AFTER my interview with the Crown Prince at Larissa, of which an account has already appeared in these columns, I decided on running the frontier or boundary, intending to do it thoroughly from sea to sea. I told my friend Negroponté, a Lieutenant in the Engineers, and aide-de-camp to the Crown Prince, of my scheme, and obtained facilities

from the Prince direct, and started, Lieutenant Negroponté having obtained leave to go with me on my trip, a circumstance on which I much congratulated myself. Subsequent experience, indeed, showed me that I should not have been able to carry out my project but for his assistance. Accompanied by my groom, Alexander, and leaving Michael to bring along the pack-horses, we duly reached Turnavo, about twelve miles from Larissa, and made our first halt there. I inspected the barracks, where a detachment of cavalry and Ebzones were stationed at the time. Two or three cafés were in full swing, and a number of small stalls, not unlike our hot coffee stalls, made quite a picturesque scene by the roadside, and at the usual village well a group of soldiers busied themselves filling their water-bottles and the trough for the cavalry

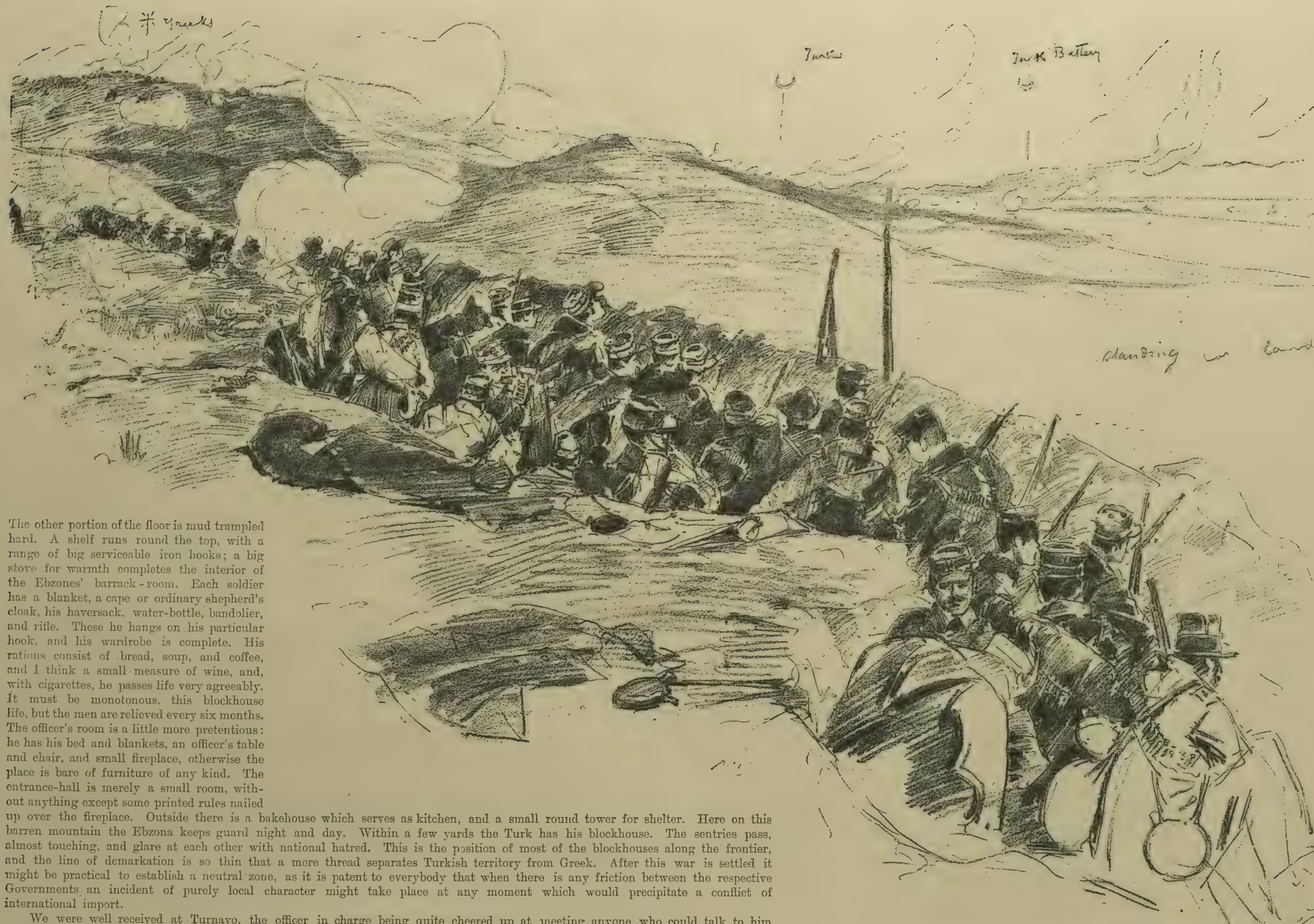
horses. A short ride of a quarter of a mile brought us to the town proper, over a river dry at this season, and crossed by a rickety wooden bridge, impassable now from dry rot. We halted at the first café outside. About four o'clock Michael at last turned up with the sumpter horse. I chid Michael, but, as he truly remarked, they were late, and it was no use worrying over the fact; with that I was obliged to be content, as Michael is my voice. I must say that I felt mollified by the good *déjeuner* he provided.

We both inspected the blockhouse and the old Church of St. Elias on the road out. All blockhouses are the same, so one description must serve. A simple, strong, oblong, barn-like structure, divided into three compartments, a large barrack-room for the soldiers, and two small rooms at the other end, a sort of entrance-hall, and the officer's room. Twenty-five men and one officer is the complement. Furniture is scanty—a sloping bench, running the length of the room, on one side, and on the other the same thing, broken only by the passage for the doorway. This part of the floor is flagged, for the wet beats in when the door is open.



THE BATTLE OF MATI: GREEK ARTILLERY OFFICERS WATCHING THE FIRE OF THEIR GUNS.

"While I was sketching this group of officers as they watched the effect of the Greek shells on the Turks under the shelter of a chapel, one or two incautiously showed themselves, and the Turks took a deadly aim and killed one of them on the spot."—H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.



The other portion of the floor is mud trampled hard. A shelf runs round the top, with a range of big serviceable iron hooks; a big stove for warmth completes the interior of the Ebzones' barrack-room. Each soldier has a blanket, a cape or ordinary shepherd's cloak, his haversack, water-bottle, bandolier, and rifle. These he hangs on his particular hook, and his wardrobe is complete. His rations consist of bread, soup, and coffee, and I think a small measure of wine, and, with cigarettes, he passes life very agreeably. It must be monotonous, this blockhouse life, but the men are relieved every six months. The officer's room is a little more pretentious: he has his bed and blankets, an officer's table and chair, and small fireplace, otherwise the place is bare of furniture of any kind. The entrance-hall is merely a small room, without anything except some printed rules nailed up over the fireplace. Outside there is a bakehouse which serves as kitchen, and a small round tower for shelter. Here on this barren mountain the Ebzona keeps guard night and day. Within a few yards the Turk has his blockhouse. The sentries pass, almost touching, and glare at each other with national hatred. This is the position of most of the blockhouses along the frontier, and the line of demarkation is so thin that a mere thread separates Turkish territory from Greek. After this war is settled it might be practical to establish a neutral zone, as it is patent to everybody that when there is any friction between the respective Governments, an incident of purely local character might take place at any moment which would precipitate a conflict of international import.

We were well received at Turnavo, the officer in charge being quite cheered up at meeting anyone who could talk to him and give him any news. The pass he was guarding was a strong one, and not likely to be used. We wished him good-day and rode on for Nazaros, along the road through Turnavo and a large village of which I forget the name. We passed about a couple of miles of houses with shops and a café or two, and one large common or plain, on which thousands of sheep and goats were grazing, fine families of ducks, geese, and fowls everywhere running among our horses' legs. We stopped to get a guide, for, as Negroponté says, there are so many straggling roads out of these villages that one has to get a guide to find the right one. Our ride was not without interest.

A GREEK RIFLE-PIT AT THE BATTLE OF VELESTINO.

"In the Battle of Velesino the Greek soldiers remained in their rifle-pit day and night under a heavy rifle and shell fire, and seemed to be getting used to it. I saw one man calmly reading and smoking while shells were bursting within a few yards of him."—H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.



THE BATTLE OF VELESTINO: THE LAST STAND OF THE GREEKS IN THE FIGHT OF IVERLEY.

The Greeks began to give way about 10 a.m. Heavy firing on both sides continued, however, until after midday, when the Turks succeeded in capturing the ridge and turning Colonel Smolenski's flank. The priest shown in the foreground was one of the insurgent leaders.

We had to get over a morass, in which we nearly stuck; and cross the river Pencios in the ordinary scoop-shaped boat of the country. A wire hawser is stretched across, and the man, holding on to this, comes hand over hand, the current acting as the propelling power. Our horses made some little difficulty about getting in, but they did, and we were duly ferried over by a tall, serious Moham-

medan, who solemnly demanded his drachmas. Once across, we made for a large farmhouse, three-storied and four-square to the winds that blow, standing in its own yard. The labourers' cottages, built in a quadrangle, with doors and windows opening inwards, made a defensible wall. The entrance was protected with a thick thorny fence of the wait-a-bit thorn bush, or something quite as

good. We called on the owner of this domain and found the big house almost unfurnished, the only article of luxury in the hall being a plough. Upstairs we passed through a series of reception and bed rooms, all "convenient," as Paddy might say. We reached the end room, where our host explained that he was only left in charge, his master having packed up his valuables and left

for Larissa until the frontier troubles should end. I wonder who possesses that fine mansion, with its broad acres of wheat now! Coffee and mastic were offered and accepted. Our host talked long and earnestly with Negroponté, and after a rest of some half-hour we departed with a new guide for our destination, a village about two hours off, held by the Greeks. Of course, my newspaper

training has had the effect of quickening my curiosity, so I was dying to know what my host had been talking about. Negroponté mentioned one or two subjects, but I told him the man looked too eager and earnest for such trivial matters. Then Negroponté opened his heart to me, first having bound me to secrecy. "You know, Wright," said he, "our main difficulty is with these irregulars; they are fine patriotic fellows, full of zeal for their country's cause, but too hasty, and not sufficiently under control to be of as much service as they might be. What is the use of these people attacking the Turks, only to get themselves killed by the Turkish regulars? Say they lose a thousand. Well! That thousand, should we advance, would be invaluable to us among these mountains as light cavalry, but what they are doing is worse than useless. You noticed that man's expression?" "I did," I said. "He was telling me that over two thousand insurgents are crossing the boundary to-night to capture a Turkish village. They are sure to be driven back, for commissariat reasons if no other, and do no good. Such has been one of Greece's troubles, and among the mountains it has added greatly to her misfortunes."

The sun had long since lowered behind the distant mountains, but now the orange and pink lights on the high shoulders and peaks warned us to push on, our village still being far, and riding at night in Thessaly has one great disadvantage—dogs. There are no dog taxes, and consequently anyone can own a dog that can feed itself. Every shepherd has two or three of the most ferocious type in existence. These animals attack people at night, and, whenever you pass a flock of sheep, in the day time. My pony once or twice was frightened by them, and I nearly shot some for my own protection. Travelling under these conditions



A TYPICAL EBZONA: SERGEANT LOKIAS.

is not always pleasant. We reach our village about eight o'clock, and are warmly welcomed by the officers in charge. Michael again has not turned up, and there is every prospect of a supperless night—no blankets, our greatcoats, too, he has got. The nights among these mountains are so chilly that it is risky without a coat. The soldiers found a spare greatcoat, and for the time I become a Greek soldier. They are good fellows,

these soldiers, simple in their habits, free from vices, full of enthusiasm for their country and their country's cause. I saw many a brave soul die for Greece and suffer pain unflinchingly, without a murmur. I've learnt to admire them, and believe in them accordingly. We spent that evening with the officers, and slept at a Turkish house.

THE VALE OF TEMPE.

After a visit to Nazaros we return and start for Tempe. The Peneios River cuts through the mountains, finding its way down to the sea, and as we near the gorge the scenery becomes wildly grand. The pass opens out into a plain and the mountains retire, and we debouch on a lovely pasture-land interspersed with groves of ancient planes. We stopped at a café, the only one Negroponté saw, to *déjeuner*. Nothing was to be got, however. "A chicken?" "Well," said our host, "that would be difficult." There were hundreds standing about the door and street. Negroponté, losing some of his Eastern *sangfroid*, got angry, and the result was the pursuit and capture of one of the aforesaid fowls. The following morning we rode back to Larissa—I to send off sketches, and Negroponté to ask leave to come with me to Arta, making it a sort of semi-official tour.

METEORA, HALF-WAY TO HEAVEN.

After making a fresh start we arrive at Kalambaka without any adventures and proceed to inspect the famous monasteries. After three hours' climb we reach Meteora. We hail the guardian, who takes plenty of time responding. Only two ways of getting up are available—the rickety ladder and the basket. The ladder, not unlike a Jacob's ladder, is lowered to allow you to come up, and you swing to and fro from the side of the rock 10 ft. or 12 ft. off, until the incline of the face supports the ladder and you. Through



THE COMRADE'S KISS: A DRAMATIC INCIDENT IN THE BATTLE OF MATI.

"Shortly after the Turks opened fire a Greek officer was hit by a bursting shell. 'It is nothing,' he said. But the words were his last, for he quietly sank back in the arms of his comrades, one of whom reverently kissed the dying man. I was so close that the blood from his wound besprinkled my hand."—H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

a door, and you reach the rickety-looking working vestibule. A platform of strong oak planks supports the capstan. All supplies have to be hoisted up by this means, the ladder only being used by the visitors and brothers. The hoist altogether is something like 500 ft. The sensation is not unlike being in a balloon, so smoothly the old whim works. There are some nasty jars as the coil of rope slips off a previous round. Perfect peace reigns round the crown of their pillar, for it is nothing else. A few yards either way, and you are over. A winding, irregular, stone-covered way leads inside; a corridor or cloister traverses this passage at right angles. In the stout angle of the wall is a small opening, with a bucket of antique shape and draw-chain. This is the well. Above hangs a curious long plank of oak, slung by a chain in the middle, and by its side a wooden club. This puzzled me. An attendant, seeing my look, banged the plank with the wooden club, and Negroponté said "It's the bell.

rock, thousands of feet in the air, listening to the Greek service in, perhaps, one of the most picturesque little churches in the world. Women are not allowed here. "What would you, or what do you, do if a lady appears at the bottom and wants to come up?" I asked. "We all go inside, and don't look till she goes away." Here is something for the New Woman to tackle. After service we went out to see the sunset. On returning, coffee was brought in by a brother; we supplied cigarettes, and another brother brought wine,

us. I took my seat in the strong circular rope net. The edges of the net are all gathered together on the big hook; you are hoisted out and lowered like a sack of potatoes. I was not sorry when I set foot on *terra firma*. Negroponté came down after me, and looked far from comfortable, not sitting in the centre. He came down anyhow, landing on the back of his neck. We waved our



THE FIRST ALARM AT LARISSA. GREEKS HIDING VALUABLES IN THEIR GARDEN BEFORE LEAVING THE CITY IN THE GENERAL PANIC.

"On the morning after the disastrous retreat from Turnavo, it was decided to evacuate Larissa as well. The civil population hastily prepared to fly to Volo. My sketch represents my landlord and his family in a frenzy of panic burying their valuables in the onion-bed in the garden."—H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

The first of the kind I ever saw." We went through the cloister, and some steps took us into the best apartment of the place. The walls and ceiling were panelled; a window looking out and down formed the fourth side. Outside a few miserable sheep found grass enough to keep them alive: These and a few chickens were the only live stock. Our meal was bean-soup (no meat), bread and wine. The interior of the little chapel is quite a gem. Seen in the dim light, the colour and gilding were very rich. I felt the strangeness of the situation. Here I was, on a barren

which he replenished several times, and we talked late into the night. I sketched some of these brothers, and one of them showed a small amount of vanity by asking me to put him in his best coat, instead of in the picturesque rag he had on.

We slept well, but were early astir. Some supplies arriving from the village, the wild calls and echoes at last awoke the porter, who summoned the other brothers to help wind up the basket. We both gave a small donation to the monastery funds in return for the hospitality shown to

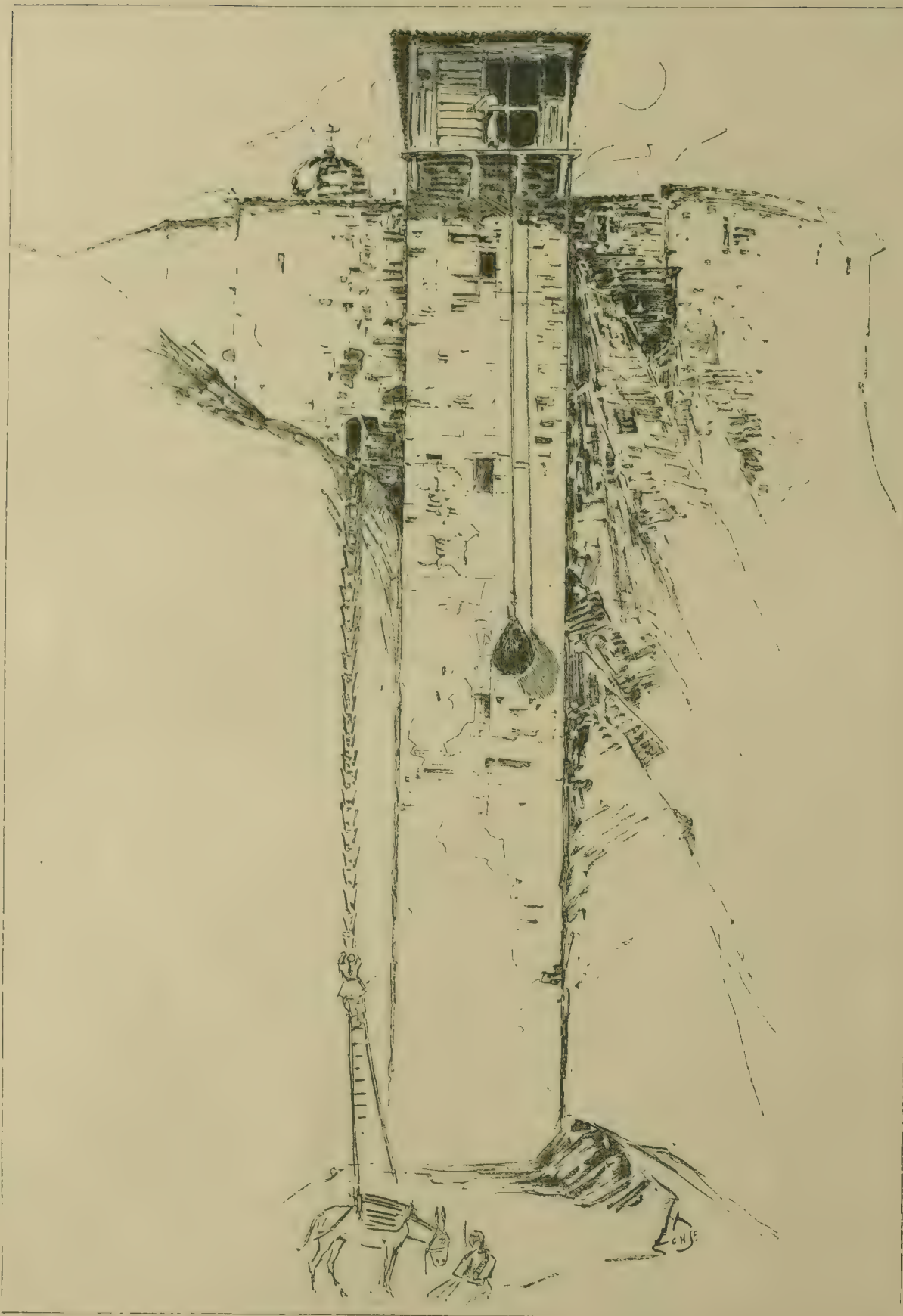
adieux, and, taking the winding track, soon lost sight of the dwellers of the rock, and, like Christian in "The Pilgrim's Progress," saw them no more.

A MOUNTAIN BIVOUAC.

We journeyed on for fifty miles, only halting at night, to Koukoupleveri. Here we entered the café, to find a party of insurgent chiefs drinking. The chief was a perfect type of brigand, good-looking, and with plenty of hair and beard—in fustanella dress, with belts of

cartridges. A gold band round his cap proclaimed his rank. He did most of the talking. We were offered wine and cigarettes. He told Negroponté that the head chief was bivouacked close by, in the mountains, and that we had better see him. Negroponté excused himself.

Negroponté said, "Now, Wright, I don't wish to dissuade you from your plan of going on with these fellows, but I don't think it would be quite safe. You see, there is no law amongst them, and they would think nothing of relieving you of your money. How much money have you got on you?" I mentioned about the sum. "Well," said he, "let me take some back to Larissa, and you keep the rest; you can let them take it or give it them. Then they are always fighting amongst themselves, and you, not understanding Greek, might be shot before you know that anything was going to happen. In the café we have just left there was a serious row on the question of bravery; there are no end of blood feuds amongst them; so take my advice and give up the idea." I promised to think over it. "Why don't you want to see the head chief?" "Because," he said, "I am a Staff Officer, and people might say that the Crown Prince encourages them." Suddenly we were challenged. The whole hillside seemed alive with insurgents. Two men, evidently chiefs, rose up and came over to question us. Two men held the horses, and we went to see the chief, sitting on a pile of cloaks with a cloth spread in front of him. Accoutrements and the etceteras of campaigning decorated the trunks and festooned the branches of the trees.



TWO WAYS UP METEORA: THE LADDER AND THE BASKET.

"The far-famed monastery at Meteora is entered by either of the methods illustrated. I preferred the basket, and reached the top quite comfortably."—H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

Meat and bread being set before me, and wine in a silver bowl, I made a hearty meal, and Negroponté did the talking. He looked annoyed at my appetite, and said, "You needn't eat so much; this is put before you as a matter of form." Culinary methods are peculiar hereabouts. A big stick is passed right through a carcase, and supported by a couple of forked sticks at either end, with heaps of wood ashes between. Your roast goes steadily on, one man being required to give the spit a turn every now and again. Until you've eaten lamb *à la brigand*, you don't know what it is. Time and space prevent my mentioning much of my doings among the insurgent bands. I stopped with them, and went into Turkey. News from Larissa made me decide to give up the Arta scheme, although only a day and a half separated me from that place. In two days I reached Larissa, and started for Mati. Our batteries and infantry held the entrance to the valley, but the line was long. Shell fire went on throughout the day, but no attack was made after three days of shelling. I was sketching a group of officers when a shell burst among us. I hear moans: one of them is hit, and is being supported by the others. A sudden splash of blood crimsoned the white marble rock, and the poor fellow sinks back, an old college chum kissing him. I stayed at Turnavo, leaving at eleven, and formed one of the actors in the disastrous drama on that night. I got to Larissa later, and the following morning the first intimation of the desertion of Larissa I had was a view of my landlord burying his boxes.

H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.



THE NIGHT BEFORE VELESTINO: COLONEL SMOLENSKI AND HIS OFFICERS TAKING A FINAL LOOK AT THE POSITION AT SUNDOWN.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

In both my writings on the subject and in my public lectures, I have taken the opportunity to denounce that shady side of hypnotism which makes its appearance on the platforms of entertainment-halls, and which is expounded by "Professors," who may throw in a little phrenology and a spice of palmistry by way of adding to the occult nature of their proceedings. Some few years ago Mr. Ernest Hart exposed the true nature of the mediums put forward by the "Professors" of hypnotism in a magazine article, in which the confessions of one of these tricksters were duly chronicled. This article finds a most telling parallel in the report of certain proceedings which lately transpired in the Lambeth County Court before Judge Emden. In that temple of justice, Frederick Charles Howard, of 35, Bellenden Road, Peckham, sued a certain "Professor" Fricker for the sum of £8 7s., which sum is described in the report of the case as representing "unpaid wages." It appears Howard was a "medium," who accompanied the "Professor" on his rounds, at a salary of £2 per week. At the entertainments it was supposed he was hypnotised, but, in the plaintiff's own language, "he wasn't." Then Howard went on tour to Luton and elsewhere as the man in a trance. He was placed in a coffin at Euston and conveyed to Luton, where he was removed to the Town Hall to the accompaniment of a brass band. But while Mr. Howard was supposed to be in his trance at night, he owned to getting up, to enjoying a smoke, and to having something to eat. Then, presumably, he went back to his coffin—or, had he been a sensible man, to his bed—so as to be ready again for the trance business in the morning.

The "Professor" had invented a telegraphic nasal code, whereby he was able to convey to Mr. Howard information regarding any item selected by the audience on or about which he was to be hypnotically questioned. The "Professor's" nose, I presume, indicated the information by a series of twitchings; but I confess to experiencing a feeling of curiosity concerning this ingenious mode of communicating with friends. To lovers unable to correspond, what a benefit the "nasal code" might prove! It could be exercised even in church without fear of discovery or of interrupting the services—unless, indeed, the code consists of nasal blasts produced by the aid of a pocket-handkerchief, and imitative of the steam-ship's steam-whistle signal code. The end of the matter was that the "Professor" lost his case, and, as he declared he declined to pay at all, Judge Emden remarked, "after that, he would make an order for immediate payment."

This case is most instructive because it throws an increased flood of light on the doings of the popular "hypnotisers" and others of that ilk. The public flock to such exhibitions to see the presumably hypnotised subjects made to swallow paraffin oil under the idea that it is fine old port, to have their cheeks and tongues threaded with needles and thread, and to exhibit other equally disgusting proofs of their alleged insensibility to pain and the like. This, I say, is the shady side of hypnotism, in which it appears as a mass of delusion and trickery, which has not even the merits of a clever conjuring entertainment to appeal to by way of justification for its existence. It represents a mass of vulgar deceit and nothing more. Its "Professors" trade on the credulity of the public, and surround their subject with the glamour of mysticism derived from the supposed subtle actions of the brain.

The scientific side of hypnotism is in itself simple enough, if only people would be content to regard it as a phase of brain-action, and nothing more. It is unconscious cerebration of a kind, liable, in certain subjects, to be evoked and induced by sundry circumstances, among which outward suggestion acting on an imaginative mind is, perhaps, the most typical. Then comes the inhibition, or switching-off of the higher brain-centres; and, under the dominance of lower centres, which are ordinarily well under the control of the will, the subject is reduced to the level of a mere machine. This is a bald statement of what hypnotism is, but I think it expresses sufficiently tersely the essence of a state which is akin to somnambulism, and even to the day-dream or reverie itself.

The problem of rejuvenescence which perplexed Faust, and ended so disastrously for that historical personage, is one which for men of science has always presented a large amount of fascination. The late Dr. Brown-Séquard imagined he had discovered an aid to perennial juvenility in the shape of certain animal extracts which were to be injected into the tissues, and some of which are still used in medical practice. But the idea of perpetual youth—or, shall we rather say, permanent manly vigour?—is differently regarded by science. There can be no opening for an *elixir vite* in the case of an organism which just as truly wears out as does a watch or an engine. If we could arrest this process of natural decay, there might be some hope that an elixir would act in reinspiring the vital machinery; but to expect the aged horse to respond to spur or whip as it did in its young days, is manifestly an absurd and foolish idea, and so also are all notions that perennial vigour can be the lot of man.

One author of late days has suggested what appears to be one veritable cause of senile decay, among probably a host of other factors in producing old age. This expression of opinion has been summed up by saying that a man is as old as his arteries. This, I think, is very true. The due nutrition of the body depends on the elasticity and tone of those blood-vessels which distribute pure blood to all parts of the frame. When, for instance, the arteries become narrowed through the changes they undergo in old age, the heart is weakened through its efforts to overcome the resistance, and the tissues are then imperfectly supplied with blood. Hence, it is pointed out, the more delicate tissues go to the wall, and the harder and more fibrous ones survive in the veritable struggle for existence; and thus is wrought out the changes which mark advancing years in the fibrous developments seen in the aged. A vigorous youth, contrariwise, is marked by the elasticity of its tissues.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2766 received from C. A. M. (Penang) and Stuart Mow (Singapore); of No. 2767 from Thomas Devlin (Arenata, Cal.); of No. 2768 from Rev. C. H. Sowell (St. Austell); of No. 2770 from Eric (York); of No. 2771 from Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna); of No. 2772 from Frank Proctor, Albert Ludwig (Alsace), H. S. Brandreth (Buda Pesth), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), Hermit, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), J. F. Moon, Mark Dawson (Horsforth), and H. W. Winterburn.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2773 received from R. H. Brooks, F. W. C. Edgbaston, F. Jones (Surrey), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Bluet, Shadforth, Fred J. Gross, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), F. R. Evans (Islington), Alpha, G. Gibson, E. P. Vulliamy, W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), Mark Dawson (Horsforth), T. Roberts, Fred Elliot (Crouch End), J. Bailey (Newark), Albert Ludwig (Alsace), H. Le Jeune, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Sorrento, L. Desanges, Ubique, C. E. M. (Ayr), J. F. Moon, F. Hooper (Putney), and M. F. Smith (Hendon).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2772.—By C. BURNETT.

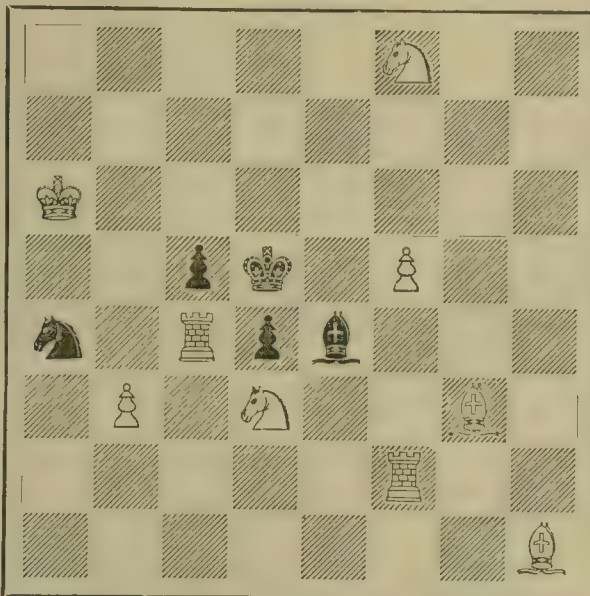
WHITE.
1. Q to B 2nd
2. K to K 4th
3. Q mates

BLACK.
K to B 6th
Any move

If Black play 1. P to K 4th, 2. Q to Q 2nd (ch); if 1. K to K 3rd, 2. Q to R 2nd; and if 1. B to K 2nd, then 2. Q to R 5th, K moves; 3. Kt mates.

PROBLEM No. 2775.—By CARSLAKE W. WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the Divan between Messrs. R. STEELE and J. H. BLACKBURN.

(Evans Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	25. B to K 2nd	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	If P takes Kt P or P to B 5th, then Black would play Kt to Q 4th, etc.	
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	25.	Kt P takes B P
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd	26. R to R 5th	K R to Q sq
5. P to Q R 4th	P to Q R 3rd	27. P takes P	
6. P to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	Somewhat risky. If B to B 3rd defending was safer, but Black did not turn matters to best advantage.	
7. Castles	Kt to B 3rd	27.	Kt takes P
8. Q to K 2nd		28. Kt takes Kt	R takes Q P
P to Q 3rd is considered better.	Castles	29. Q takes R	R takes Kt
9. Kt to R 3rd	P to Q 4th	30. R takes R	K to B 2nd
10. P takes P	Kt takes P	31. R to Q 8th (ch)	P to K 6th
11. B takes Kt		32. R to Kt 5th	K to Kt 3rd
If Kt takes P, then follows Kt to B 5th; 13. Q to K 4th, Q to R 5th with a winning position.	Q takes B	33. R takes P (ch)	K to R 3rd
11.	B to Kt 5th	34. R takes P (ch)	P to K 7th
12. Kt to B 4th	B to Kt 5th	35. B to K 5th	Q to Q Kt 3rd
13. Kt takes B	P takes Kt	36. K to B 2nd	Q to Q Kt 3rd (ch)
14. P to R 3rd	B to R 4th	37. R to Q 4th	Q takes P
15. P to Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd	38. K takes P	B to Q 6th (ch)
16. Kt to K sq	R to Q sq	39. K to B 3rd	Q to Kt 6th
17. P to B 3rd	K R to Q sq	40. K to Kt 4th	Q to B 7th
Intending Kt takes Kt P, but Kt to Q 5th at once would have been stronger, and probably resulted in a winning game.		41. R to Kt 5th	B to B 4th (ch)
18. R to B 2nd	P to K 5th	42. K to R 4th	
19. P to K B 4th	P to B 4th	If R takes B, Black draws by perpetual check. White now wins, but probably in an offhand encounter like this, neither side has made full use of its opportunities.	
20. Kt to Kt 2nd	Q to K 3rd	42.	Q to B 7th (ch)
21. Kt to K 3rd	R to Q 6th	43. R to Kt 3rd	R to Kt 3rd
22. R to Kt 2nd	Kt to K 2nd	44. R to Q 7th	Resigns
23. P to B 4th	P to Kt 4th		
24. R P takes P	R P takes P		

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played at Philadelphia between Messrs. MAGUIRE and VOIGHT.

(Remove Black's K B P.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. V.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. V.)
1. P to K 4th	Q Kt to B 3rd	10. K Kt to R 3rd	P takes P
There can hardly be any doubt about this move being the best for Black. Admittedly the defence against good play on White's part is extremely difficult. Black aims, for one thing, at getting Kt to K 4th and then back to K 2nd for defence of the King. This White should prevent by 2. P to Q 4th.		11. Kt takes P (ch)	
2. B to B 4th	P to K 3rd	Probably a better attack comes from B takes P instead.	
3. P to Q 4th	P to K Kt 3rd	11.	P takes Kt
4. P to K R 4th		12. B takes P	P takes P
The correct line of play is this attack, especially after Black's P to K Kt 3rd.		13. B to Kt 6th (ch)	K to Kt sq
4.	B to Kt 2nd	14. P to K R 6th	P takes P
5. P to K 5th		This venturesome play of Black leads to a most interesting and remarkable ending.	
Weak, P to Q B 3rd is excellent now.		15. P to R 7th (ch)	
5.	P to K R 3rd	We suggest, instead, R to R 4th, threatening P takes B, and Black would have had some difficulties; or simply Kt takes P, keeping the attack in hand.	
This leaves the K Kt Palmist at White's mercy, and this is a key to the position.		15.	K to B sq
6. B to Q 3rd	K Kt to K 2nd	16. Q to B 4th (ch)	Kt to B 4th
7. Q to K Kt 4th	K to B 2nd	17. B takes Q	P takes P
8. P to Q B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	18. Q takes B P	B to Q 2nd
9. P to K R 5th	P to K Kt 4th	19. Q takes B	B to B 6th (ch)
		20. K to B sq	Kt takes B
		21. R to R 5th	P takes R (Q)
		22. R takes Kt (ch)	P takes R
		Black wins.	

At the City of London Chess Club the following prizes have been awarded: to T. F. Lawrence, who has won the championship of the club for the second year in succession, the Gastineau Cup, the Championship medal and £10. In the winter tournament and handicap finals N. W. van Lennep (1st class), the Mu ton Cup and £6. R. M. Rowley Morris (4th class) second prize, £5. H. J. Kemp (3rd class) third prize, £4. G. A. Hooke (1st class) fourth prize, £3. The total value of the prize list in the club's various competitions amounts to £119.

The Ladies' International Chess Tournament will be held at the Hotel Cecil on June 23, when selected representatives of England, Scotland, and Ireland, together with those from Canada, the United States, and various countries on the Continent, will compete for a very valuable list of prizes. Two rounds will be played, and the contest will last the better part of a fortnight.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Colonial Bishops from all parts of the world have been crowding into London during the past few weeks. Dr. Perrin, Bishop of Columbia, and Dr. Richardson, Bishop of Zanzibar, are among the latest arrivals. At the Foreign Mission festival, to be held in Southwell Cathedral on June 17, the Bishops of Tasmania, Osaka, Minnesota, and Eastern Equatorial Africa will take part.

Father Dolling has arrived in New York, where he will conduct during the next few weeks a series of retreats.

The Dean of Llandaff continues in a very weak and prostrate condition. The Archdeacon of Monmouth, referring last week to the illness of the Dean, said he had only just left his presence, and dared not say that they could look forward to his recovery. He felt that the day when the Dean would enter the Valley could not be far distant. Dr. Vaughan knew this himself, and did not wish it to be otherwise.

The new Church House at Liverpool is expected to be one of the finest buildings in the city. The price paid for the site was £48,000. The position is at the corner of Lord Street and North John Street, in one of the principal thoroughfares of the city, not far from the cathedral church of St. Peter and the Town Hall.

The arrangements for the Lambeth Conference are now fairly complete. The meetings are likely to extend over nearly six weeks. Two great central services will be held, one at Westminster Abbey on July 1 and one at St. Paul's on Monday, Aug. 12. The most important meeting will be that at the Church House on June 28, when all the speakers will be Primates and Metropolitans.

An interesting commemoration takes place at St. Paul's Cathedral to-day, June 5, to mark the thirteen-hundredth anniversary of the baptism of King Ethelbert by St. Augustine. At the early service a special collect, epistle, and gospel are to be read, and at evensong the Bishop of Stepney will preach. At the close of the evening service the occasion will be appropriately marked by the singing of the hymn which tradition states to have been chanted by St. Augustine and his followers on their entry into Canterbury.

I regret to learn that Dr. Berry, of Wolverhampton, the Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, has suffered somewhat severely from the strain put upon him during the recent assembly of the Union. Some years ago Dr. Berry had a serious breakdown, and was absent from his pulpit for many months. He visited Australia, and returned completely restored to health. He is likely to visit America during the autumn of this year, and I hope he will follow the example of Dr. Clifford, and take a real holiday. Some of the reports of his condition are unduly alarmist. Dr. Berry was able to preach as usual on Sunday, May 23. Dr. Berry has accepted the invitation of the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, to preach its Jubilee sermons in the autumn of the present year.

The event of last week in Presbyterian circles was the laying of the memorial-stone of Westminster College, Cambridge. Many of the most distinguished members of the University of Cambridge were present. Principal Dykes made an interesting speech, in which he reminded the audience that Presbyterians were not altogether strangers in Cambridge, for they were returning to the classic ground in which their ancestors had found a footing in the time of Queen Elizabeth and the Long Parliament. The site for the college, which has been presented by Mrs. Lewis and her sister, Mrs. Gibson, cost £5000, and these generous ladies have also given a donation of £5000 towards the building fund. Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson laid the memorial-stone.

The *Church Times* is very angry with the Dean of Norwich for having invited Dr. Barrett, an eminent Congregational minister, to read the lesson in the cathedral on June 20. It hopes the Churchmen of the diocese of Norwich "will not allow this affair to pass without an energetic protest." What of the Bishop of Salisbury, who made a similar suggestion to the Nonconformists of his diocese?

On Sunday, June 13, the Rev. Hugh Black, the brilliant young colleague of Dr. Alexander Whyte, at Free St. George's, Edinburgh, is to preach morning and evening at Marylebone Presbyterian Church. Very large congregations are expected, as this will be the first occasion on which Mr. Black has been heard in London.

In the second of the very interesting series of articles in the *Guardian* describing the recent visit of the Archbishop of York to Russia, there is an account of the Archbishop's interview with the famous Father John of Cronstadt. When Father John came to the Archbishop's hotel the servants of the house pressed round him in order to kiss his hand or receive his blessing. "His influence in Russia extends far beyond the Orthodox population, and I noticed that not only several German Lutheran servants were pressing round him, but that even two of the Mohammedan Tartar waiters from the restaurant were seeking and receiving his blessing." Father John remained at the hotel for more than an hour discussing with the Archbishop the religious condition of the poor in England and Russia respectively. When he left it was with difficulty that he made his way to the lift, only to meet with a still denser crowd in the street as he proceeded from the hotel to his carriage.

The new Connexion Methodists are keeping their centenary this year. Preliminary meetings were held last week at Wesley's Chapel, City Road, London. Large and enthusiastic audiences assembled, other Methodist bodies taking part in the celebration. The event of the day was the centenary sermon from Dr. Parker, and the points which thoroughly roused the enthusiasm of the audience were his references to the essential unity of Methodism in its various forms. Although Methodists are demonstrative in one sense while listening to a favourite preacher, such expressions as "Hallelujah," "Praise the Lord," being as common as they were a hundred years ago, it is very seldom that they express their feelings in church by loud clapping of hands. At many points during Dr. Parker's sermon this kind of applause broke forth, to be at once stifled by the preacher's warning gesture.



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THE ERL KING.—BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

In the Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.



THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

With the exception of Lord Palmerston and the late Mr. George Augustus Sala, I do not know of an Englishman of eminence who cared much what he ate, however critical he might be about his wine. Of course, I exclude such men as Dr. Kitchener, the author of "The Cook's Oracle," who felt bound, as it were, to practise what he preached. Darwin gorged every now and again on plum-cake; Byron, after fits of intemperance in the way of liquids, lived for weeks on biscuits and soda-water. Truly, when abroad, he used, as Christmas drew near, to fatten a goose intended for his dinner on that day; but I am under the impression that this was done in obedience to a time-honoured custom rather than from the love of the flesh of the bird itself. I am the more confirmed in this seeing that, as the goose, which travelled in a basket slung under his carriage, grew fatter, he became more attached to it, and finally forebore to slaughter it. One cannot help admiring him for this: the action, contemplated from a lovable point of view, did credit to his heart. Had he been a real *gourmet* the bird would have been immolated on Dec. 17 or thereabouts.

I might go on quoting instances of the indifference of famous Englishmen to the comforts of the inner man. Newton often did not know if he had his dinner or not; Swift lived in Dublin on a monotonous diet of mutton pie; Johnson and Gibbon were *gourmands* rather than *gourmets*, Shelley was content with bread or anything else that came to hand; Richardson was a vegetarian, and an abstainer; Thackeray, though partial to French cookery, appears to have foregone the delights of it even when he was in Paris—not, it is true, without a murmur; still he forewent them, which a true *gourmet* would scarcely have done.

Nor, as far as I am aware, has any great Englishman ever followed the examples of either Alexandre Dumas the elder or of Beethoven. I have so often sketched the celebrated Frenchman bending over his stewpans and preparing dinners for his friends, as to render a repetition of the sketch unnecessary. The immortal German, enacting Vatel, is not so generally known, so I may dwell upon him for a moment. Towards the end of his life the composer, who had become very deaf, grew grumpy at the same time, and, finally, dismissed his housekeeper and cook. After this he did his own marketing, and when he

Beethoven did not try again, and recalled his housekeeper, but I merely wish to point out that he made the attempt, which, I fancy, would not have presented itself to an Englishman of similar fame.

I have read a great many letters of eminent Englishwomen. As far as I can remember, few dilate on the



CHURCHYARD BOTTOM WOOD, HIGHGATE.

TO BE MAINTAINED AS A PUBLIC PLEASURE-GROUND IF THE NECESSARY FUNDS ARE PROVIDED.

pleasures of the table. Now, take this very wonderful Madame de Sévigné, assuredly the most charming epistolarian that ever put pen to paper. Her correspondence with her daughter teems with allusions to cookery, with comments on good cheer. I will pass by her account of the suicide of Vatel at Chantilly, for this might, after all, have been inspired by a feeling of sympathy for a great artist whom she had known for several years at the magnificent establishment of Fouquet.

In her manor-house, where she reigns supreme, she dons her white apron and superintends the cooks. "You are under the impression," she writes to her daughter, Madame de Grignan, "that your brother knows how to order his table and is a judge of sauces and other things. He knows nothing at all about it; and there is only one individual more ignorant than he, and that is his cook: *I am the eagle. Nothing is judged here until my face has been consulted.*"

Later on there is a cry that comes straight from the heart. "The Princess of Baden is passing through Angers. She has an admirable cook." And taking advantage of the opportunity, she manages to "get the right side" of said *chef*, who teaches her many, many things in the way of roasting, and, above all, the preparing of matchless fish soups. For Madame de Sévigné was exceedingly fond of fish. From Mazargues, near Marseilles, she writes: "We are doing fairly well here in the way of good cheer. Of course, we feel the want of the river Sorgue, but as a compensation we have the sea, so that we are not short of fish." She was not ashamed to avow her liking for good things: "You ask me to come to Grignan, you tell me about your melons, your figs, and your grapes. There is nothing I should like better than to eat them, but Providence has evidently ordained that I shall not make the journey this year."

She was not the only *grande dame* in France who displayed great concern for the culinary art. On Septuagesima Sunday, 1722, at the Vesper hour, several carriages with arms emblazoned on their panels were drawing up before the Church of Saint Sulpice. The *grandes dames* of the Faubourg Saint Germain were going to Mass. As each of the occupants alighted, a footman dressed in deep mourning handed her a printed paper from a pile under his arm. One of the ladies, more curious than the rest, interrogated the footman. "I am carrying out a provision of the will of the late Duchesse d'Orléans" (the mother of the Regent), "who died yesterday, and who enjoined upon me with her last breath to deliver to all her female friends the paper which I have now the honour to hand you," was the answer.

A testamentary clause of the Duchesse d'Orléans' will, executed under such strange circumstances, was calculated to arouse curiosity. The moment they heard the words all the recipients unfolded the sheet. It was a recipe for stewing red cabbage; a dish of which Louis XV. was so extremely fond that Madame de Pompadour when she wished to please him prepared it with her own hands.

CHURCHYARD BOTTOM WOOD FOR THE PEOPLE.

The progress of municipal life has taught no sounder lesson than the necessity for oases in our crowded cities. It was thus that Hampstead Heath and Parliament Hill became the splendid breathing spaces that they are; that Battersea Park was formed into a great lung; and that Epping Forest was rescued from the private monopolist. And now comes the turn of Churchyard Bottom Wood in North London. This magnificent bit of woodland, covering fifty-two acres of the great Highgate Estate, has been offered by its owners, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, for £25,000. The Hornsey Urban District Council had almost let the two years' grace escape when its chairman, Mr. Cory Wright, secured the co-operation of the open-space societies managed by Miss Octavia Hill and Sir Robert Hunter. Hornsey had voted £10,000, leaving £15,000 to be added as purchase fund, with £3000 thrown out for fencing and draining, and the erection of a ranger's lodge. The wealthier inhabitants gave £4000, St. Pancras Vestry have promised £2000, and the Middlesex County Council an additional £5000, if Parliament permit. It remains for the public to complete the extra £9000, and if the example of the donor who offered a fourth of his income on condition that twenty other persons gave £50 a-piece were followed, Churchyard Bottom would be another London lung to-morrow. It is a very beautiful spot, which the Metropolis would be mad to let slip through its fingers. Every lover of London will, therefore, send his mite at once to Miss Octavia Hill, at 1, Great College Street, Westminster.

Five miles from Charing Cross, the wood lies close to Highgate Station, on the hollow side of a hill, and a wide prospect is commanded from the top. For the most part the trees are oak with an undergrowth of willow, and a tiny stream has cut a deep groove in the clay, wild primroses and anemones growing luxuriantly in this season. Historically the spot is of much interest. During the Great Pestilence it was used as a pit in which bodies of plague-stricken citizens of the capital were thrown, and hence the somewhat gruesome name of Churchyard Bottom.

THE ANGLICAN COLLEGE, JERUSALEM.

The new font, designed by Mr. George Jeffery, which is to be placed in the Baptistry of the Chapel of the Anglican College at Jerusalem, is the gift of the Queen. The font is to be executed in white and red marble, with a cover in English oak, and will bear the inscription, "The Gift of Queen Victoria." The masonry of the Chapel (St. George's) is completed, and the roof has now been added. The Baptistry, an important addition,

provided at the cost of an English lady, forms a beautiful feature in the group of buildings. The Bishop's House, which forms the south wing of the buildings, is also finished. The grant of the Colonial Bishopric Fund (£1000), together with the Baptistry and other special gifts, has enabled the architect greatly to improve the original design and finish this portion of his work, while he has kept considerably within the estimated cost. Donations are still needed for the fittings of the Chapel and the House. The Clergy House, which will form the north wing of the buildings, is on a separate contract. It is a local commemoration of Archbishop Benson's policy in the revival of the Bishopric. The foundations are carried down to the rock, and the walls are about five feet above the ground; but the work is at present suspended for want of funds. It has a grant of £500 from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, payable when the rest of the cost is subscribed.



NEW FONT FOR THE BISHOP'S CHAPEL IN THE ANGLICAN COLLEGE AT JERUSALEM.



CHURCHYARD BOTTOM WOOD, HIGHGATE: ALEXANDRA PALACE FROM THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE WOOD.

considered himself more or less perfect in the culinary art, he invited his friends to come and partake of dinner. At their arrival they found him very busy, attired in the traditional white cap, apron and jacket of an ordinary *chef*. The dinner, it should be said, was a dismal failure;



Photo Eclair, Munich.

Photo Eclair, Munich.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT MUNICH.



Photo Doener, Walford.

THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR: THE ROYAL PARTY LEAVING THE HORSE-GUARDS PARADE.

THE QUATER-CENTENARY OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

At the very time when the whole British Empire will be celebrating in one way or another the Empress-Queen's Record Reign, that small portion of her vast dominions



SEBASTIAN CABOT, THE NOTORIOUS SON OF THE DISCOVERER OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

which we still know by its curiously primitive name of Newfoundland, will be found rejoicing over its discovery by John Cabot four hundred years ago. The significance of the event is not confined to the sturdy little island. On the contrary, as Burke pointed out, "we derive our rights in America from the discovery of Cabot, who first made the Northern Continent in 1497"—a fact which the great orator held to be "sufficiently certain to establish a right to our settlements in North America." Under that claim, as Senator Cabot Lodge has declared in his vivid Western way, the great continent "from Mexico to the North Pole" has been made a possession of the English-speaking race; and for that reason Cabot stands out distinctly in the page of history.

It was in 1492 that Columbus, full of the spirit of adventure of his time and of his race, sighted the American continent, which the Anglo-Saxon, working out his unwavering instinct to dominate, was yet to wrest from the Latin; and in which he was to carry out his equally unswerving instinct for self-government, even at the expense of the land that had given him birth. For a long time it has been believed that John Cabot, like Columbus, whose footsteps westwards he followed five years later, was a native of Genoa; but Senator Lodge has put forth the claim that, if he was not English, he came of that Norman race which gave England the Conqueror. Certain it is that the name Cabot occurs in the list of William's followers. For many centuries they were located in the island of Jersey, where down to the present time most of the people in two parishes are named Cabot or Chabot. The latter word is the name of a fish that is said to be peculiar to the island, and three fishes figure on the arms of several branches of the house, one of which, at New York, makes the most of its long descent.

Nobody knows where John Cabot was born. Like the navigator nomads of his time, any port became his home. Thus in 1476 he was naturalised as a citizen of Venice, and exactly twenty years later he became a naturalised Englishman, having taken up his residence at Bristol. The West-country town was a place of great importance even then,

Cabot did not dally long. On May 2, 1497, he set out from Bristol in the *Matthew*, a sturdy little barque of fifty tons, along with a Burgundian and sixteen hardy English sailors. If the log-book of that voyage could be forthcoming, the *Mayflower* would no longer occupy the place in history which it now holds, but in its absence the story of the passage as told by a countryman of Cabot's, resident in London at the time, must be taken as evidence. "Passing Ibernia"—that is, Ireland—says this chronicler in a letter written to the Duke of Milan, "Cabot ascended towards the north, and then began to navigate the western part of the ocean, leaving for some days the north to the right hand; and having wandered enough, he came at last to firm land, where he planted the royal banners, took possession for his Highness, made certain marks, and returned." Tradition has always insisted that Cabot sighted the new country at early morn on June 24, and the latest historian of Newfoundland, Judge Prowse, sees no reason whatever to doubt the evidence; while he is also inclined to believe that Cape Bonavista was the first point of land which caught the eye of the intrepid commander and crew of the good ship *Matthew*. Given a fair easterly wind, such as prevails in the North Atlantic in early May, he argues that the vessel, with its flat floor and broad lug-sails, could easily go five or six knots before the wind, so that fifty-three days out and forty-two days back—for Cabot was home again on Aug. 6—would not be a record-breaking passage even for that day. On the other hand, Colonel Church has recently insisted that the voyage took a year and three months, for he believes that Cabot sailed in 1496 and not 1497.

The great thing about Cabot's voyage, so far as Newfoundland itself is concerned, was its success. "Messer Zoanne," as a poor foreigner, would not have been believed, one of his contemporary countrymen declares; but the corroborative detail of his English companions put the matter beyond dispute, so that the chart and solid globe on which he showed his discovery were accepted literally. The sea was reported to be full of fish, "which are taken not



ARMS OF THE LONDON AND BRISTOL COMPANY FOR COLONISING NEWFOUNDLAND.

only with the net, but also with the basket, in which a stone is put, so that the basket may plunge into water. And the Englishmen, his partners, say that they can bring so many fish that the kingdom will have no more business with Islanda [Iceland]; and that from this country there will be a very great trade in the fish they call stock-fish." Small wonder that though the King gave to "hym that found the new isle" only £10, the English ran after Cabot "like

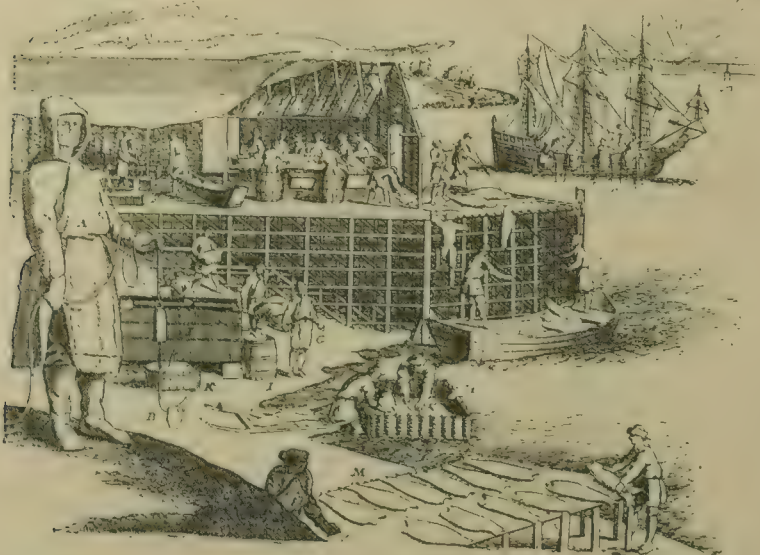
upon the scene. Sebastian Cabot is one of the most beautiful liars modern history knows. He was an arrant braggart, and lived on the reputation of his father. As a matter of fact, he practically committed patricide, for it is only of recent years that the world has come to believe that it was not he, but his father, who discovered Newfoundland. So long ago as 1521, the Drapers' Company of London discredited the statements of Sebastian, who "makes report of many things as he hath heard his father and other men speke of in tymes past."



PAYING OUT THE CABLE TOWARDS HEART'S CONTENT, NEWFOUNDLAND.

If the English flag was the first to be planted in Newfoundland, other nations—Portugal in 1501 and France in 1504—stepped in; and history has little to record of English enterprise in the island for half a century. Yet Judge Prowse, proud of his English origin, insists on the continuity of English influence in Newfoundland from Cabot's time to the present; and, with De Witt, he believes that the navy became formidable by reason of the discovery of the "inexpressible rich fishing-bank of Newfoundland." But the first notable and successful attempt of England to colonise the island was made in 1608, when a young Bristol alderman, John Guy, founded the London and Bristol Company, and went out (in 1610) to become Governor of the colony. For a hundred years thereafter the history of the island consisted of the squabbles of English concessionaires among themselves, and then with the French. One of the most famous Governors was Captain John Mason, who wrote a curious little book on Newfoundland (published in Edinburgh 1620), with the view of "inciting our nation to goe forward in that hopfull plantation begunne." He also constructed the map of the island (reproduced here) for that fanciful book, "The Golden Fleece" of Sir William Vaughan, who held a tract of land in the colony along with Lord Baltimore and others. Then by the Treaty of Utrecht, 1713, England annexed the whole island, granting the French certain fishing rights which have been the cause of perpetual dispute ever since. In 1729 Captain Henry Osborne, of H.M.S. *Squirrel*, became the first Governor, and for another century the Navy supplied Governor after Governor, until 1832, when the island was granted Home Rule, *Punch*, with his eye on the Newfoundland dog, caricaturing the first assembly as the "Bow-wow Parliament." And the island still clings to Home Rule; for while British Columbia, Prince Edward Island, and the North-West Territories entered the Dominion of Canada (by an Act of 1867), Newfoundland remains a self-governing Crown colony, with a Governor of its own—at present Sir Herbert Murray, who succeeded Sir Terence O'Brien just two years ago.

One of the red-letter days in the history of the island was when the *Great Eastern* arrived, on July 27, 1866, at Heart's Content (in Trinity Bay) with the living end of



THE NEWFOUNDLAND COD-FISHERY, AS PICTURED BY MOLL IN 1710.



CAPTAIN JOHN MASON'S MAP OF NEWFOUNDLAND, 1617.

and did a large trade with Iceland. The islanders knew of America long before Columbus, and doubtless Cabot while trading with them had his inherited instinct for adventure fired again, and directed towards the weird West which the Icelanders vaguely knew. He asked the King to give him and his three sons, Sebastian, Louis, and Sanctus, a roving commission, and Henry duly granted him leave to sail to "all parts, countries, and seas of the East, of the West, and of the North, under our banner and ensigns, and to set up our banner in any new-found land."

mad," and called him the "great Admiral." His fellow-countryman, already quoted, was naturally wild with joy, for he pictured a golden future.

In the spring of the following year, 1498, Cabot went on a second voyage, and the merchants of Bristol and London fitted out ships to barter woollen goods in this wonderful island beyond the seas. Whether he ever came back is unknown, for from this point John Cabot drops out of history. But the house of Cabot did not fail to make itself heard, for the great navigator's son Sebastian stepped

the Atlantic cable, which had left Ireland at Valencia. Except for a few months in 1870-71, the Mother-country has been constantly linked in this way to the little island. And the present occasion will tighten the bonds. Bristol proposes to erect a tower in memory of John Cabot on the summit of Brandon Hill, the foundation-stone to be laid on June 24. Canada will commemorate him with a memorial in Halifax, Nova Scotia. For after the lapse of four centuries Cabot's name is more glorious than ever.

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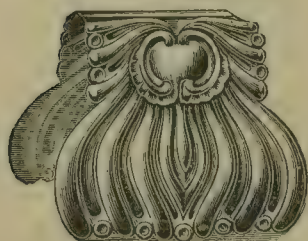
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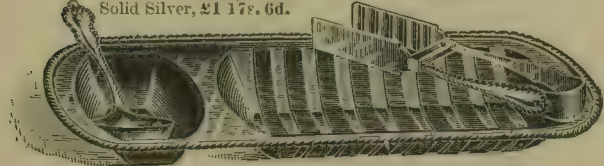


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New Design Asparagus-Dish, with Well for Sauce. "Queen's" Plate, £4. "Queen's" Plate Server to match, £1 1s. "Queen's" Plate Sauce-Ladle, 5s.

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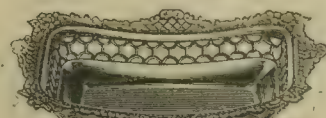
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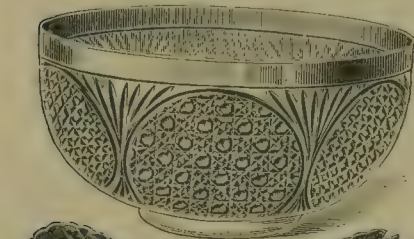
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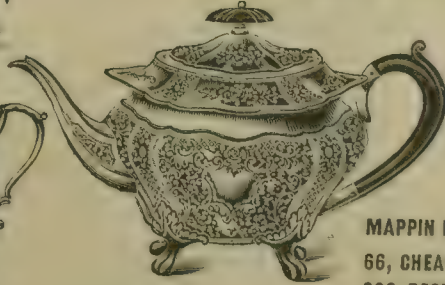
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Tea-Pot, 4 half-pints ... £5 5s. Coffee-Pot, ... £5 10s. Sugar-Basin (Gilt Inside) ... £3 15s. Cream-Jug ... £3 0s.

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LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

I will freely forgive "A Fidget" for continually asking my advice, for she appears to be one of those few women who ask advice and then take it. I have usually found that it is among the pleasing habits of my sex to seek other people's counsel in order that they may follow their own. But I apologise for this digression, which takes me from



A GREY CASHMERE GOWN.

"A Fidget," whose want of a French dressmaker to work by the day I cannot supply. However, I can tell her that she can get sun-pleating done at Hammett's, 188, Euston Road, and that it will submit to the cleaner, but not to the washerwoman. The China silk dress will look well striped with insertions of lace set transparently. The skirt should be full. If I had that piece of muslin of which she encloses me a pattern, I should cut it up into vests and shirts, which would be charming. Foulard is a material I have always loved, dark blue with a white spot being a special favourite of mine. A cornflower-blue alpaca worn with a white shirt and a plaid belt and necktie would be exceedingly attractive. For travelling I would suggest a blue alpaca skirt, a silk shirt with a soft collar, and an ulster of the alpaca, double-breasted and loose, with blouse sleeves. I can also assure her that in the country light blouses and skirts are quite permissible in the afternoon, but not in town.

And now to consider the needs of others, which will, no doubt, include in the immediate future frocks for Ascot. It is all very well to make up our minds at the last minute to go to Ascot, but having done this it is excessively difficult, not to say impossible, to secure costumes which shall worthily grace the occasion. The rush of business at the present moment in the West-End is prodigious, and I know for a fact that one firm completes two hundred dresses a week—and these, I believe, are supposed to be hard times. Well, let me consider the Ascot gown, or I should say gowns, for those who go to Ascot for the week must have a different dress every day. It is essential that one of these should be black. In the midst of the many coloured frocks a black dress always has distinction, supposing, of course, that it be not deep mourning, but black of the light and frivolous order—crêpe de chine, for instance, elaborately tucked and pleated, crowned with one of the new black chip hats, set well on one side of the head with long black feathers falling from the front to the back. A white embroidered lawn bow would be a pleasing finishing touch to this, and a parasol of white may be permitted, but one of black, I think, would be more successful, the latest variety in crêpe de chine, with long silken fringe hanging from it; and these parasols are among the revivals. Also among the revivals may be mentioned the poke bonnet of Leghorn, tied with black velvet strings, and trimmed inside the front with a wreath of pink roses. But I am wandering away again from my Ascot dresses. The list of these should include a gown of white—foulard, or linen—trimmed with insertions of lace; then a cloth dress of the palest biscuit-colour, fastened with turquoise

buttons and belted with leather, clasped with turquoise, with a vest of the finest white lisse; while the fourth gown should be either of flowered muslin or of coloured linen trimmed with lace. A foulard gown is also deserving of consideration made in blue and white, and a white cloth coat and skirt, with the coat overhanging a narrow belt back and front, and displaying a vest formed of tulle, is to be recommended. A very light grey crêpe de chine, trimmed with a silken guipure of the same colour, is to be respected, and this should be crowned with a light-grey hat and wreathed with grey feathers, the finishing touch being put with a grey feather boa. Grey feather boas are extremely popular and very becoming, but they should only be bought of the best quality.

Amongst the variety of hats necessary to grace Ascot with distinction should be one of the mushroom shape in grass-lawn straw hemmed with black velvet and wreathed with roses. A plain Panama may be most successfully trimmed with a bunch of white wings and waving white tails tied with black velvet ribbons. The youthful face may submit to the ordeal of the pale pink or pale blue hat trimmed with roses or lobelia, and a bright red hat may be well adorned with scarves of black and white tulle and bunches of red and white cherries. Delightful little bonnets are to be met with golden crowns, rosettes of black net spotted with white forming a resting-place for a large white bird. Birds and feathers are on the whole more favoured than flowers for milliner's purposes; an unfortunate state of affairs for the world ornithological, little regarded by the world fashionable, alas! But, by the way, we have abandoned for the time being our pursuit of the osprey, though I doubt whether we were actuated by much kindness, for do we not seek with avidity the paradise plume? Which reminds me of a charming little toque in grey I met the other day, with a crumpled brim and crown buttoned in the centre with a Parisian diamond ornament, the brim turned up at one side, and boasting as its sole decoration a white paradise plume.

And now let me describe those dresses sketched. The one is of white cloth with the bodice braided in broad black followed by a narrow line in black. The style of this is quite simple, and it would look exceedingly well in a light biscuit shade with the braids in white, a white tulle bow at the neck, and the skirt quite plain. The other picture shows a grey cashmere gown trimmed with strappings of white and edged with little kilted frills of black net. The little bolero, with epaulettes, has a blouse of black and white fanciful foulard tied round the waist with a few folds of glacé. The blouse, of course, would be a useful possession for wearing with any skirt, and the little coat could be dispensed with when the sun shines in earnest.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

The Woman's Section at the Earl's Court Victorian Era Exhibition is extremely interesting. There is a nursing section that looks like a hospital ward; an educational section, in which portraits of eminent students and teachers brighten the more heavy exhibits of work done; and there are women's inventions of many kinds. But the most interesting of all the various displays in this part of the Exhibition is undoubtedly the Women's Art section. No such opportunity has ever been afforded for seeing the diversity and the excellence of women's pictures. The exhibitions of women's paintings by the Society of Lady Artists and the like are only misleading, for in the nature of the case a woman artist successful enough to get her picture hung at the Academy, the New, or even either of the water-colour societies' galleries, is not likely to reserve her serious work to show at the small and more sectional special woman's exhibition. Here at Earl's Court for the first time, therefore, we can see gathered together a fair exhibition of the work that present-day women are doing in art, and it is a delightful display.

The excellence, of course, is owing largely to the judgment, the devotion, and the energy that have been given to the difficult task of selection and hanging by the eminent painter Mrs. Henrietta Rae. She, generously aided by her husband, Mr. Ernest Normand, has given an immensity of unpaid and devoted effort for months past to making this show worthy of the occasion. The committee who asked her to undertake a task that must have been laborious, and in some ways delicate, could not have made a better selection. Henrietta Rae is too great herself to be jealous and ungenerous. Her own pictures here—seven in number—are so varied in character and style, and yet one and all so beautiful and so strong, that one wonders how long her claim to be elected an Academician can be overlooked. Her great Academy picture of two years ago, "Psyche before Venus," is not here: but there are her fine, restrained, and tender "Eurydice," that bore well the test of exhibition with the work of the women artists of all the world at Chicago; and the strongly contrasted "Summer" and "La Cigale"; and a charming landscape. She has scattered her own paintings over the galleries, but, in the case of some others, the artist's works are massed. Thus, the Hon. Mrs. John Collier (Miss Huxley) has a large wall space for several varied pictures from her brush; and the talented sisters Montalba have an entire room assigned them. Miss Clara Montalba follows Turner, no doubt, but her work may bear comparison with that of her master. Mrs. Jopling has not done herself justice with her three small portrait heads, admirable likenesses though they be. But Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch shows that her Academy success of this year is the climax of a series of good works, her "Mares and Foals" here being a fine picture; and Miss Maud Earl, with her dead soldier and his guardian dog on the snow in the grey

twilight, Miss Ethel Wright's "Pierrot," Miss Dicksee's historical pictures, Miss Jessie Macgregor's dramatic and expressive scenes from life, Mrs. Marianne Stokes's country-life sketches, Miss Fanny Moodie's dogs and cats, Mrs. Allingham's cottages, Mrs. Murray Cookesley's Eastern scenes, and Miss Anna Nordegren's purple landscapes—all these and many more are showing work that is strong, admirable, original and varied, to a degree that will be a revelation to most visitors outside the art world.

Another room that should be interesting, but at present contains little but a series of inscriptions on the wall that one has not time to read, is devoted to the records of women's acts of gallantry. The inscriptions are copied on large cards from the records of the Humane Society, the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, the Association for Rewarding the Saving of Life from Fire, and so on. This verbal record is too lengthy, and should be accompanied by portraits, at any rate, to help him that runs to read; the only portrait there on the opening day was that of Grace Darling. A room that will interest musical students contains many portraits and the autograph scores of various women musical composers. The library of women's books, however, is a mere pretence, and the portraits of eminent women of the reign are absurdly incage in quantity and fancifully selected; a small engraving representing Harriet Martineau, for instance, and a life-size oil-painting showing the lineaments of a novelist of whom but few of the visitors will have ever heard.

Mr. Leonard Courtney, speaking at a great women's suffrage meeting in Queen's Hall on May 26, explained that there is still a possibility of the Women's Suffrage Bill coming on for third reading this Session; though the date on which it was the first order has been confiscated for a holiday, it is possible that an opening may occur on July 12 for its third reading being moved.

There is to be a cyclists' procession in June in honour of the Queen's Jubilee, and the idea is being taken up by large numbers of that now great fraternity. It was rumoured that ladies were not to be allowed to participate unless they wore skirts, but the organisers of the affair deny the correctness of this assertion; the matter will be left to the riders themselves.

Now that so many girls go cycling, there is urgent need of the opening of nice tea-rooms in the country for their use. The village inn is often a respectable place enough, but no mother likes her young daughter to enter it, nevertheless; and the only alternative is apt to be a cottage of the lowest order, with thick cups and soiled napery, and all surroundings unpleasant. Now in every village there are some of the much-talked-of "poor gentlewomen," who are extremely anxious to add to their limited



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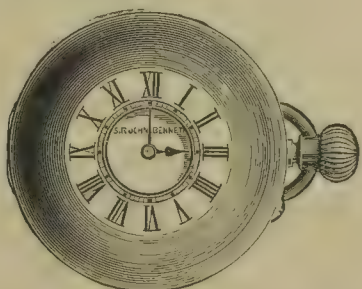
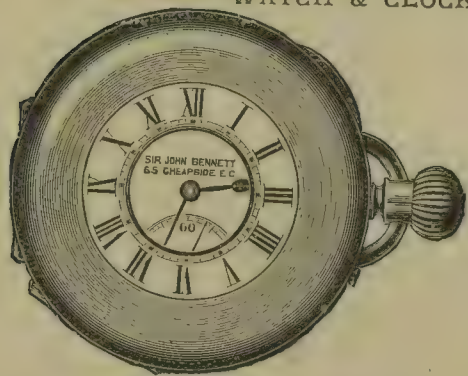
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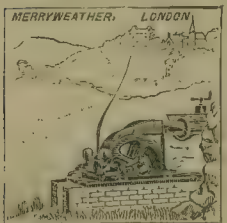
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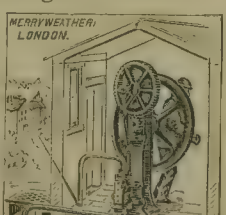
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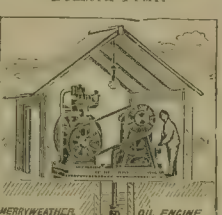
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 25, 1896) of Lady Victoria Catherine Mary Nole Tynley Long Wellesley, who died on March 29, has been proved by Edward Hugh Whitehead, Captain John Stuart Lindsay Long, R.N., and the Rev. William Frederick Shaw, the executors, the gross value of the personal estate amounting to £333,754 12s. 9d. The testatrix, after directing her executors to provide £20,000 in fulfilment of her covenant to settle that sum on Captain John Stuart Lindsay Long in his marriage settlement, bequeaths £25,000, upon trust, to provide for twelve annuities bequeathed by her amounting to £692, and subject thereto one half of the £25,000 is left to Mr. Walter Long, M.P., and the other half is to fall into the residue. The following legacies are then settled upon the legatees and their issue: £10,000 each to Margaret Awdry, Miss Octavia Catherine Barry, Miss Frances Victoria Smith, Mrs. Victoria Caroline Howell, the Rev. Alfred Long, Mrs. Venetia Hohler, Sir Albert Victor Seymour, Bart.; and £5000 each to Colonel Charles James Long, Miss Augusta Seymour, Miss Helena Seymour, the Rev. Henry Boothby Barry, and Miss Fanny Barry. Legacies of £6500 are left to the Hon. Charlotte Somerset; £5000 each to Edmund Lyons Wellesley, Haskett Smith, and the Rev. St. John Methuen, and smaller legacies to Stuart Shaw, Miss Louisa Townsend, Miss Dora Skipwith, the Hon. Paul St. John Methuen, her executors, and the servants in her employ. The above amount to £170,900. The following charitable legacies, amounting to £39,500, are bequeathed free of duty: £6500 to the Church of Ireland Sustentation Fund; £2000 each to the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy and the Church Missionary Society; £1000 for the benefit of the district of All Souls, Eastbourne; £1000 each to Mrs. Meredith's Institution, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the London City Mission Society, the Colonial and Continental Church Society, the Missions to Seamen, the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, the Church of England Book Society, the Chichester Diocesan Association, the Church of England Temperance Society, the Reformatory and Refuge Union, and the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; £800 to the National Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic; £500 each to the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children, the Army Scripture Readers and Soldiers' Friend Society, the National Protestant Churchmen's Alliance, the Cancer Hospital (Brompton), the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond Street), the Harley Street Establishment for Invalid Ladies, the Royal Hospital for Incurables (Putney Heath), the Royal Free Hospital (Grays Inn Road), the Infant Orphan Asylum at Wanstead, the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, the Cripples' Home and Industrial School for Girls (Marylebone Road), the Homes for Little Boys (Farningham and Swanley), the Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind (Berners Street), the Asylum for the Support and Education of Deaf and Dumb Children (Old Kent Road), St. George's Hospital, the Convalescent Hospital at Seaford, the Aged Governess Asylum (Haverstock Hill),

the Governesses' Benevolent Institution (Harley Street), the United Kingdom Beneficent Association, the National Benevolent Institution, the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society, the Idiot Asylum at Earlswood, the Princess Louise's Home at Wanstead, the Church of England Scripture Readers' Association, the Union of Clerical and Lay Associations, the South-Eastern College (Ramsgate), the Close Memorial Schools (Cheltenham), the Church of England Central Society for Promoting Homes for Waifs and Strays, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and the Hospital and Home for Incurable Children (Maida Vale); £300 to the Sussex County Hospital (Brighton); £200 to the Eye Infirmary (Brighton); £100 each to the Scripture Truth Society (Eastbourne), Mrs. Vickers's Home for Penitent Girls (Brighton), the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the National Orthopaedic Hospital for the Deformed, the Chichester Infirmary, for the benefit of the Cottagers at West Stoke, and to the Incumbent of the Parish Chapel of St. Marylebone for the benefit of the poor in that district. There are numerous bequests of jewellery, plate, pictures, furniture, books, and other household effects, the principal family portraits, and a portion of the library being left to Mr. Walter Long, M.P., and the Tynley Long diamonds to several persons in succession. Her estate at Bolney, in Sussex, is settled upon Captain John Stuart Lindsay Long, for life, with remainder to his sons successively in tail male. The residuary estate, estimated, after payment of duties, at £60,000, is settled upon Captain John Stuart Lindsay Long and his issue.

The will (dated Sept. 16, 1896) of Colonel John William Cameron, J.P., of Marske Hall, Richmond, Yorkshire, and Greenbank, West Hartlepool, who died on Dec. 28 last, was proved in the Durham District Registry on May 5 by Watson Cameron, the brother, John Suggitt, and Alfred John Morgan, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £336,265. The testator gives £100 each to his executors, and during the continuance of the trusts of his will, annuities of £50 each to Watson Cameron and John Suggitt, and of £100 to Alfred John Morgan; an annuity of £200 to his mother, Mrs. Hannah Cameron; an annuity of £300 to his brother Joseph for his life, then to his widow, and at the death of the survivor of them a sum of £4000 between their children; an annuity of £50 to his sister-in-law, Anne Cameron; £4000 to his brother Kenneth Cameron; £250 each to Harry Gourley, Lowry Gourley, Brian Gourley, Harry Peele, and John Peele; £500, and all his furniture, plate, pictures, carriages and horses to his wife, Mrs. Emma Victoria Cameron, and some other bequests. He devises his house at Carlton Terrace, York, to his sister, Mrs. Catherine Richardson. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to five twentieths, upon trust, for his brother, Watson Cameron, three twentieths each, upon trust, for his sisters Hannah Cameron, Catherine Richardson, and Ann Mary Bentley, and the remaining six twentieths, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, but in the event of her remarriage an annuity of £1000 is substituted. Subject thereto the said six twentieths are to go to his brother Watson and his three sisters.

The will (dated April 15, 1896) of Mr. Lewis Thomas, the well-known vocalist, of 65, Highbury New Park, who died on Jan. 22 last, has been proved by Mrs. Jane Thomas, the widow, and Lewis William Thomas, the son, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £65,414. The testator bequeaths £500 and his household furniture and effects to his wife, and she is to receive, during her widowhood, the income of one moiety of his Great Western Railway Stock; £200 to his nephew, Frederick William Thomas; £100 each to his niece, Mary Ann Thomas, and his great-niece, Florence Thomas; £300 each to his niece, Maria Secker, and James Shearman; and some small legacies. He specifically gives and devises a very large number of freehold, leasehold, and copyhold houses and premises and rent-charges in and about London to his two sons, and, upon trust, for his wife and grandson, Lewis Davy Clitheroe Thomas. The residue of his property he leaves to his two sons, Lewis William Thomas and Alfred James Thomas.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Linlithgow, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated July 26, 1894), with three codicils (dated Aug. 25, 1894, and April 29 and Oct. 18, 1895), of Mr. Charles Watson Robertson, of Craigbinning, Linlithgowshire, formerly a merchant in London and Rangoon, who died on March 22 at Nice, granted to David Robertson, William Graham Roddie, Charles Gairdner, Charles Findlay, Peter Wright Sime, and John Mitchell Anderson, the executors nominate, has just been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £50,504.

The will (dated May 12, 1896) of Mr. Thomas Parry, of 79, Oxford Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on March 9, was proved on May 13 by Miss Alice Kate Parry, the daughter, Thomas William Parry, the son, and George Hope Hewitt, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £30,897. The testator gives £100 each to his executors, £100 to his son, and his furniture and household effects between his three daughters. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his four children, Thomas William Parry, Jessie Ann Parry, Grace Sarah Parry, and Alice Kate Parry, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 25, 1895), with two codicils (dated July 21 and Sept. 22, 1896), of Mr. Gordon Wyatt Clark, J.P., D.L., of Nower Lodge, near Dorking, who died on March 28, was proved on May 13 by Henry Herbert Gordon Clark and Charles Stanley Gordon Clark, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being £29,383. Under the powers contained in various settlements and wills, the testator appoints £5000 to his daughter Mrs. Adelaide Gordon Sim; £4875 to his daughter Mrs. Kate Gordon Churchill; £2595 to his daughter Mrs. Jane Gordon Neck; £5000 to his daughter Mrs. Anna Edith Gordon Lee; £9610 and £3000 to his son Craufurd Alexander Gordon Clark; and a policy of insurance for £5000 to his son Charles Stanley Gordon Clark. He gives £2000 to his daughter Mrs. Neck; £4000 and his shares in the Army and Navy Co-operative Society (except a debenture for £500), the Army and

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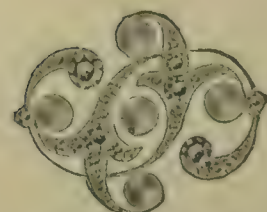
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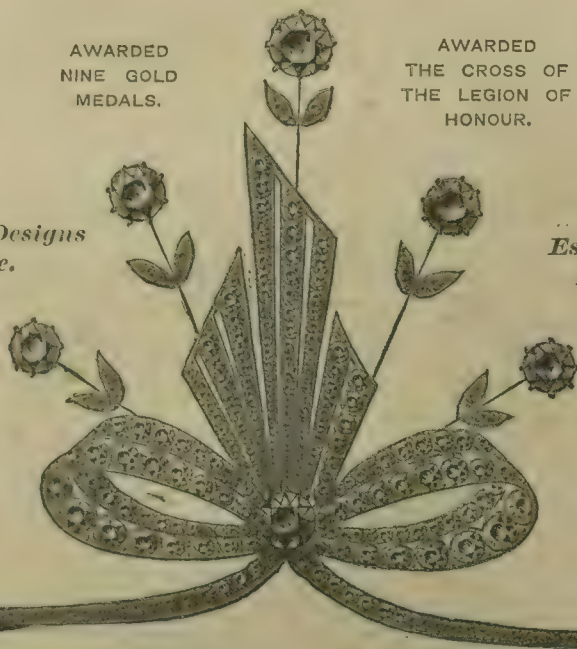
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Navy Auxiliary Society, and the Epsom Grand Stand Company to his son Crauford; and a life policy for £5000, £500 Bank of England stock, and the furniture, plate, pictures, carriages and horses at Nower Lodge to his son Charles. He makes no further provision for his daughter, Mrs. Monier-Williams, he having already provided for her. He gives and devises the Mickleham Hall estate, with the public-house, post-office, shops, and cottages thereon, and all other lands and premises of every tenure in the parish of Mickleham, to his son Henry Herbert Gordon Clark. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Henry. All legacies and gifts are to be free of duty, which is to be paid out of his residuary estate.

The will (dated June 15, 1883) of Lieutenant-Colonel Dawson Cornelius Greene, J.P., of 62, Chester Square and Whittington Hall, Kirkby Lonsdale, Lancashire, who died on Jan. 28, was proved on May 18 by Henry Dawson Greene, the son, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate being £23,827. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his son, his wife, Mrs. Mary Greene, for whom provision was made by his will, having died in his lifetime.

The will (dated Dec. 3, 1894), with a codicil (dated Sept. 28, 1896), of Mr. Roger William Wilbraham, J.P., of Delamere House, Chester, who died on Jan. 20, was proved on May 23 by Hugh Edward Wilbraham, the son, and Charles Taylor Garfit, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £18,992. The testator gives £1000 to his son Herbert Vere Wilbraham; £2430 to his son Henry Dudley Wilbraham; and certain plate and jewels to

his wife. All his pictures and the remainder of his jewels and plate are to devolve as heirlooms and follow the trusts of the settlement of the family estates. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Hugh Edward Wilbraham.

The will of Mr. Brooke Cunliffe, J.P., of Tyddyn, St. Asaph, Flint, who died on Feb. 27, was proved in London on May 19 by Mrs. Diana Wentworth Cunliffe, the widow, and Miss Gwenydd Cunliffe, the daughter, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £3772.

The will of Harrietto Livingston, Baroness Solvyns, widow, of 36, Grosvenor Gardens, who died on April 18, was proved on May 18 by Edwin Freshfield, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £2873.

Those indefatigable purveyors of works of art, Messrs. Frost and Reed, of Bristol, have recently issued a number of attractive pictures, designed to suit various tastes. Among these the most noteworthy, from an artistic point of view, is Mr. John Finnie's "Grasmere," an original mezzotint, which deals very effectively with the scenery of that enchanting spot. Mr. William Hole has been very successful in reproducing Mr. Wimperis' breezy picture "In a Dorsetshire Valley," a characteristic specimen of the work of David Cox's best follower. Mr. Herbert Dicksee has produced a companion picture to his popular "Silent Sympathy," and now shows the little lady's "Her First Love," of which the object, as might be guessed, is a patient, intelligent dog—quite able to understand and appreciate the attentions of his wilful mistress.

ART NOTES.

The annual festival of the Home Arts and Industries Association, held at the Royal Albert Hall, testifies to the vitality as well as to the use of the movement so earnestly supported by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., in the interest of art, and by numerous philanthropists in the interest of the artificers. The idea of teaching the working classes how to employ profitably their leisure time in reviving the old handicraft which once flourished in England and Ireland has been taken up by a competent body, and the results of their teaching and encouragement are to be found in this exhibition. As might be expected, wood-carving, metal-work, and lace-making are the home industries which flourish best and are most widely diffused. Technical art schools have their uses, and they are also better provided with books and designs. They are thus, like the Chiswick School of Arts and Crafts, able to extend their range of operations; but the truly "home industries" are those of the lacemakers of Bucks, Beds, Devon, and Northants, the needlework of Datchet, and the metalwork of Keswick and Kirkby Lonsdale, and the pottery of Kings Kerswell (Devon). In these places and in others too numerous to mention the handicrafts have evidently struck the popular taste, and the result is that each year shows a greater originality of design and greater individuality of treatment. Certainly the most distinctive feature of the exhibition is the Della Robbia pottery produced at Birkenhead under the influence of Mr. Harold Rathbone. It is difficult to understand how this complex work can be regarded as a "home" industry, and the committee certainly owe the

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The Crumbs of the Rich.

ignorant an explanation on this point. If such work can be entirely produced in the cottage, there is indeed a future for the home potter.

The miniatures now being exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery form part of Mr. Lumsden Propert's collection, of which the riches have been made known to the art-loving public in various ways. The present selection, which reaches from the earliest days of this branch of art, dating back to Tudor times, down to the beginning of the present century, is specially well represented by specimens of the earlier miniaturists, among whom the two Olivers and Samuel Cooper are seen to considerable advantage. The portraits of Sir Francis Drake and Dr. Donne, by Isaac Oliver, are certainly worthy of preservation in a national collection; and Cooper's more or less authentic portraits of Oliver Cromwell, John Milton, Lord Fairfax, and the beautiful Henriette d'Orleans, are equally valuable to the student. The specimens of Richard Cosway's work are not so interesting; but some of the foreign miniatures of the last century are excellent.

It is somewhat remarkable that an art which is not only fine and refined in itself, but which lends itself more especially to historical illustration, should be practically ignored in all our great national collections. At the National Gallery the absence of miniatures is explicable,

their exclusion from the British Museum less so, but that the South Kensington Museum should not be able to boast more than a score is a positive scandal. The idea prevalent among the authorities there is that miniatures, being water-colour paintings, can only be purchased out of the small sum set apart for that purpose. They decline, therefore, to recognise miniatures as "works of art," for the purchase of which from £7000 to £10,000 is annually provided! Can official pedantry further go? and need we be surprised at the complaints raised against administration conducted on such principles?

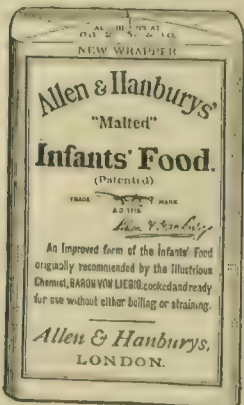
As may be inferred from the interim report of the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the state of things at South Kensington, the administration of the Museum is likely to be thoroughly overhauled. For the scandalous risks to the treasures there accumulated the officials cannot be held responsible. They have never minimised the defects of the present buildings, of which the Press for years has been urging the completion, and as persistently pointing out the danger. The various Governments which have come and gone during the last five-and-thirty years are really responsible, but the outcry of those interested in the preservation of our incomparable works of art was not a party cry, and was therefore disregarded. Now a large sum of money must be found by the Chancellor of the Exchequer; but before the present Com-

mittee separates it is to be hoped that a searching inquiry will be made into the actual state of the 1851 Exhibition surplus.

The rumour, however, that the present Museum is to be summarily closed, and its contents temporarily distributed over the kingdom, seems the wildest suggestion yet made. The South Kensington Museum supports a large number of officials, many of whom receive high salaries. Will the public consent to continue their payment after the duties have been transferred to others? Or can officials whose engagement implied employment in London be expected to follow into the provinces or elsewhere the collection with which they are severally connected? Either alternative would involve an injustice for which no Government would desire to be responsible.

M. François Flameng's "Vive l'Empereur," now being exhibited at Messrs. Tooth's Gallery (Haymarket), is a vigorous rendering of one of the many dramatic episodes of the field of Waterloo. Marshal Ney out of the decimated squadrons of the French cavalry has rallied a motley band, which for the last time he is leading against the solid squares of Highlanders échelonné on the plateau of Mount St. Jean. The painter has caught the spirit of this act of wild bravado—for it was nothing more—and depicts with wonderful effect what might have occurred.

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PARLIAMENT.

The Government are making slow but steady progress with the Workmen's Compensation Bill. Debate on various proposals to extend the scope of the Bill has prompted Mr. Chamberlain to state that in these matters Parliament is not logical. There is no reason in the face of things why agricultural labourers and seamen should not be admitted to the privileges of this piece of legislation. They are not admitted because it is presumed that the Bill is already large enough to be workable. The case of the seamen, said Mr. Balfour, "must be dealt with," but not now. He made, however, the suggestion that somewhere beyond the Committee stage of the Bill their case might be considered. Apparently the Government will yield on this point if there is sufficient public pressure. Hence Mr. Chamberlain's quite businesslike caution against logic. Indeed, the student of opportuneness in politics could not find a better example than the skilful handling of this Bill, a revolutionary project which is discreetly piloted

from day to day by administrators who take the line of least resistance and make it heroic. Under this management there is an excellent prospect that the measure will become law. In the Lords a debate on copyright varied the usual humdrum procedure of that assembly. Lord Monkswell introduced a Bill to enable writers of magazine articles to reprint them after three years by law, and not (as now) by consent of the original publishers. Lord Herschell was dubious over the proposal to prevent a dramatist from "adapting" the essence of a novel without the novelist's consent. Novels have so much in common, remarked the ex-Lord Chancellor, that more than one writer of fiction might, under the proposed arrangement, claim damages for infringement of copyright. No wonder Lord Monkswell's Bill was referred to a Select Committee.

The Nationalist members of the House of Commons have issued a statement of dissent on the part of Ireland from the rejoicings over the sixty years of the Queen's reign. This is not intended to be in any way disrespectful

to the Sovereign generally: it simply represents the traditional Irish view of British statesmanship. It has not prevented most of the Nationalists from applying for seats to view the procession on Jubilee Day. Mr. Davitt has tried to explain this on the ground that the Nationalists obtained seats to give away to their Unionist friends; but it turns out that the tickets are non-transferable. It would have been better had Mr. Davitt contented himself with the not unreasonable position that he and his colleagues wished to see the show, and to pay a tribute to the Queen. This would not have been inconsistent with their views about British rule in Ireland.

The "Brompton Boilers," otherwise the South Kensington Museum buildings, are to be removed. Their contents will be distributed in various artistic centres pending the erection of a treasure-house fit for their accommodation. For many years the South Kensington Museum has been instanced by foreigners as a lamentable proof of British indifference to aesthetic architecture. That reproach, it may be hoped, is about to be wiped out at last.

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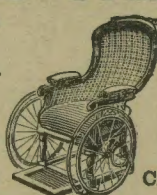
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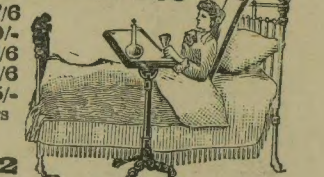
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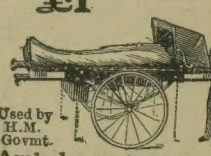


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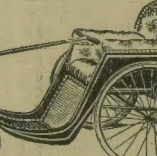


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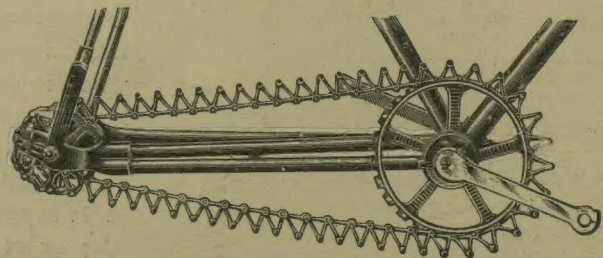
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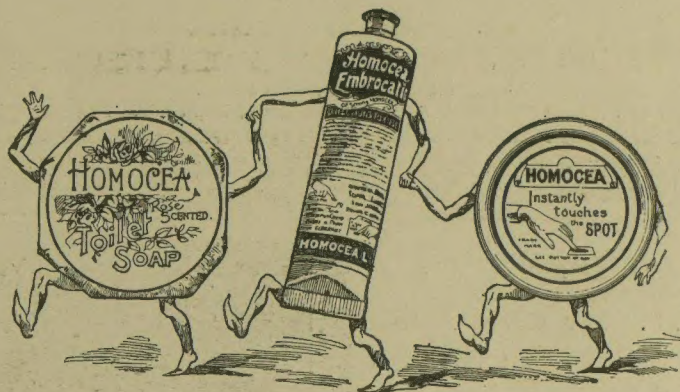
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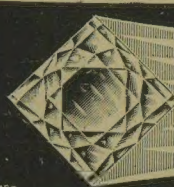
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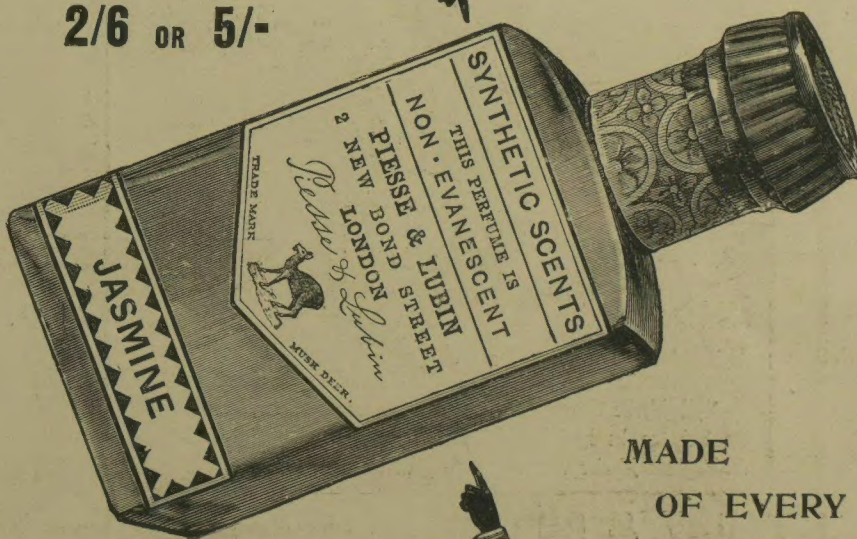


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St. James's. There is something pathetic about the business in which Messrs. Christie have been engaged for more than a century and a quarter—a period which covers the successive eras of high play, the struggles for political power, and the rise and fall of many great industries, causes which have brought art treasures, historic and modern, to the hammer. Not less interesting is the clue afforded by these memorials to the growth and waning of the public taste. We can trace in these pages how connoisseurs and their followers in the middle of the last century preferred Dutch to Italian pictures, how china has always had a capricious, and silver plate and ornaments a steady, value in the eyes of collectors. Above all we see the benefits derived from our comparatively secure position during the troubles of the Continent. London became the general emporium of the art treasures of countries in danger of revolution and invasion, and the contents of half the galleries of Southern Europe were thrown upon the English market,

to the obvious advantage of purchasers. The other two countries which have similarly benefited, but through England as an intermediary, are Russia and the United States. Of late years, as may be gathered from the annals of Christies', "speculation in futures" has entered into the ways of dealers and investors. Pictures, porcelain, furniture, and art treasures of all kinds have been found to acquire enhanced value by keeping, but, as in the case of port wine, the original product must have a body, or otherwise the owner will find that his collection turns to ashes in his mouth, as the lots are ruthlessly knocked down for less than the interest on the original purchase price. Mr. Roberts has something to say of other great sales than those conducted by Messrs. Christie, and has brought together a number of interesting stories connected with the dispersal of historical collections; and the volumes throughout are liberally interspersed with illustrations, chiefly reproductions of old paintings and drawings.

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